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PSALMS AND HYMNS,

PRINCIPALLY FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP,

SELECTED FROM

DR. WATTS AND OTHER AUTHORS,

BY

HENRY FORSTER BURDER, M.A.

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR FREDERICK WESTLEY & A. H. DAVIS,

10, STATIONERS' COURT, AND AVE-MARIA LANE.

M DCCC XXVI.

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.B77

TO

THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION

OF ST. THOMAS'S SQUARE, HACKNEY,

THIS

SELECTION OF HYMNS,

DESIGNED PRIMARILY FOR THEIR USE,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR

AFFECTIONATE PASTOR.

PREFACE.

IT appears to be the prevailing opinion in our Churches, that in addition to the excellent Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts, it is desirable to avail ourselves of some of the devotional *compositions* of later and of living Poets. With this view, numerous selections of Hymns, in the form of a Supplement or Appendix, have been presented to the Public, and introduced into social worship. The necessity, however, thus imposed upon a Congregation of obtaining and having in use more than one Hymn Book, occasions considerable inconveniences, especially to the poor. In reflecting on the practicability of obviating these evils, it occurred frequently and forcibly to my mind, that by the omission of such of Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns as we are not usually accustomed to sing, there might be introduced a sufficient number from the best Authors, to answer every *valuable* purpose, without the

necessity of an additional volume. On suggesting these views to several judicious friends, I had the satisfaction to ascertain, not only that they cordially approved of the plan, but that more than one had long entertained the same ideas, and had fully intended to carry the principle into effect. Encouraged by these representations, as well as by the wishes expressed by not a few in the circle of my pastoral engagements, I have endeavoured to accomplish the object desired.

While actually preparing the present Selection, I ascertained that there had been recently published two valuable Hymn Books, compiled on principles bearing some resemblance to those which have dictated and guided my attempt. The one, however, contains nearly double the number of Hymns which I consider expedient for a Public Hymn Book; and the other omits all specification of the names of the Authors, and also of the number of Hymns selected from the compositions of Dr. Watts.

Of the 600 Hymns here presented to the Public, about one half are selected from Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns, and the other half

from the best writers to whose productions I had access. Their names will be found in the Index to the first lines of the Hymns. This plan is adopted, chiefly because it appears sufficient to gratify a reasonable curiosity, without obtruding the name of the Author on the attention of the worshipper, at the moment when other and higher considerations demand the full energy of the mind and heart.

To every Hymn will be found prefixed a reference to some text of Scripture. In the numerous instances, indeed, in which no single passage of Holy Writ appears to have guided the mind of the Writer, the text can be regarded only as the motto. Yet even this, it is presumed, by being inserted in the Index of Texts, will be found useful, by facilitating the selection of Hymns adapted to particular subjects.

It has been my solicitous desire, that in the selection now presented to the public, there should be a considerable proportion of Hymns consisting of direct ascriptions of praise, as also that there should be a very distinct and full recognition of the truths most interesting to the heart of a Christian, and of such especially as

relate to the Lord Jesus Christ, our Saviour, and to the Holy Spirit, our Sanctifier.

It was at first my intention to select only such Hymns as are unquestionably adapted to public worship. In making this attempt, however, I found it far more difficult than I had anticipated, to draw with accuracy the line of demarcation between such as are adapted to the public and social worship of believers in Christ; and such as may be employed with more advantage for the purposes of private devotion. The prosecution of the attempt would also have rendered necessary the exclusion of many of Dr. Watts's Hymns, which most Christians would deem it desirable to retain. It is to be remembered also, that the most careful discrimination in collecting and arranging Hymns for Public Worship, can by no means supersede the exercise of a sound judgment in selecting the Hymns which may be on any occasion, whether public or private, the most appropriate. It may be expedient here to intimate, that under the head of "The Christian Life," will be chiefly found such Hymns as may not be deemed eligible for indiscriminate adoption. Among the "Morning

and Evening Hymns," at the close of the volume, and in a few other instances also, will be found some, chiefly applicable to personal and retired devotion.

In very few cases has any alteration been made in the language of the Hymns selected, and in these, only under the influence of considerations which appeared to justify, if not even to require this liberty. In very numerous instances, however, entire verses have been omitted, either because the Hymns are sufficiently long and sufficiently complete without them, or because they exhibit some shade of sentiment which to the Compiler appears unauthorized by the word of God.

To the blessing of the adorable Head of the Church, this volume is now commended. May it, by his gracious and condescending favour, be conducive to the excitement and to the expression of that grateful praise, by which a tribute of acceptable adoration shall be rendered to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

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Hervey	1
Kenn	1
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HYMNS.

GENERAL ASCRIPTIONS OF PRAISE.

1. (PSALM 146.) L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine,
Now while the flesh is my abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die, and turn to dust;
Their breath departs; their pomp, and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.

4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth for ever stands secure:
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
He sends the labouring conscience peace,
And *grants the prisoner* sweet release.

6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless.

7 He loves his saints; he knows them well;
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

2. (PSALM 146.) P. M.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;

My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

3. (PSALM 147.) L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the stars—those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound;—
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

4 His saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks, and loves his image there.

4. (PSALM 145.) L. M.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds!
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

5. (PSALM 145.) C. M.

1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great:
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,
With public splendour shewn.

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

6. (PSALM 148.)

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell:
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss;
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell,
How dark thy beams compar'd with his.

3 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.

4 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And *sound it lofty* as his throne.

5 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word;
O may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

7. (PSALM 148.) C. M.

1 LET every creature join
To praise the eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame:
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honours be express'd;
But sains that taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

8. (PSALM 136.)

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;
The Sovereign King of kings;
And be his grace ador'd.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

3 His wisdom fram'd the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

4 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin and death,
And every hurtful foe,

His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

5 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God, the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

9. (PSALM 136.) L. M.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.

5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity melt within:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.

7 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

10. (PSALM 138.) L. M.

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song:
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 Angels that make thy church their care
Shall witness my devotions there;
While holy zeal directs mine eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.

3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory shew.

4 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

5 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

6 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

11. (PSALM 106.) L. M.

1 TO God, the great, the ever-bless'd,
Let songs of honour be address'd;
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

3 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

12. (PSALM 107.) L. M.

1 GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love:
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record,—
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 In their distress to God they cried,
God was their Saviour, and their guide;
He led their march far wandering round;—
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

4 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

5 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works; how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

13. (PSALM 111.) C. M.

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God:
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame;
How wise th' Eternal Mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his covenant sure;
The orders that his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race,
That best obeys thy will.

14. (PSALM 111.) C. M.

1 GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs:
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord;
He gives his children food;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came,
To seal his covenant sure:
Holy and reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin:
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

15. (PSALM 95.) C. M.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice:
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing:
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Earth with its caverns dark and deep
Lies in his spacious hand:
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

4 Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face:
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

5 Now is the time; he bends his ear,
And waits for your request:
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
'Ye shall not see my rest.'

16. (PSALM 95.) L. M.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And *all the solid ground.*

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

17. (PSALM 99.) S. M.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus, the Saviour reigns;
Let earth adore its Lord!
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine;
His Church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice and truth and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

18. (1 COR. i. 9.) P. M.

THIS God, is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

19. (GEN. ii. 7.) L. M.

1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing;
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right-hand that shap'd our clay
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join the angelic songs.

4 Let grovelling beasts of every shape,
And fowls of every wing,
And rocks and trees, and fires and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll;
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.

6 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heavenly hills.

20. (1 TIM. vi. 15, 16.) L. M.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure if God be mine.

21. (REV. iv. 11.) L. M.

1 WE praise, we worship thee, O God,
Thy sovereign power we sound abroad;
All nations bow before thy throne,
And thee the eternal Father own.

2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name,
Angels and Seraphim proclaim;
The heavens, and all the powers on high,
With sacred transport ever cry:—

3 O Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!
Thou God of hosts, by all ador'd!
Earth and the heavens are full of thee,
Thy light, thy power, thy majesty!

4 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song;
Prophets, enraptured, hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.

5 Glory to thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise thy majesty!
The Son, the Spirit, we adore;—
Creator, Saviour, Comforter!

22. (REV. v. 12, 13.) P. M.

1 GLORY to God on high,
Let heaven and earth reply,
Praise ye his name!
Angels his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry, evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

2 Ye who surround the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
Ye who have felt his blood,
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound through the earth abroad;—
Worthy the Lamb.

3 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name.
Still will we tribute bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

23. (PSALM 103.) L. M.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done.
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels;
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threatening graves.

5 Our youth decay'd his power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.

6 Let the whole earth his power confess;
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

24. (PSALM 103.) L. M.

1 THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth; how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

25. (PSALM 103.) S. M.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress'd.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

26. (PSALM 103.)

1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8. But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

27. (JOB xi. 7.) L. M.

1 O GOD, thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! What words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?

2 Eternity thy fountain was,
Which, like thee, no beginning knew;
Thou wast ere time began its race,
Ere glow'd with stars the ethereal blue.

3 Greatness unspeakable is thine;
Greatness whose undiminish'd ray,
When short-liv'd worlds are lost, shall shine,
When earth and heaven are fled away.

4 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea;
What lives and moves, lives by thy word,
It lives, and moves, and is, from thee.

5 Whate'er in earth, sea, or sky,
Or shuns or meets the wandering thought,
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
By thee was to perfection brought.

6 High is thy power above all height;
Whate'er thy will decrees, is done:
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
Only to thee, O God, is known!

7 Heaven's glory is thy awful throne,
Yet earth partakes thy gracious sway;
Vain man! thy wisdom folly own,
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.

8 What our dim eye could never see,
Is plain and naked to thy sight;
What thickest darkness veils, to thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.

9 In light thou dwell'st; light, that no shade,
No variation ever knew:
Heaven, earth, and hell, stand all display'd,
And open to thy piercing view.

28. (PART II.) L. M.

1 THINE, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone;
Justice and truth before thee stand;
Yet nearer to thy sacred throne
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.

2 Each evening shews thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace;
Reluctant wrath does slowly move;
Thy willing mercy flies apace.

3 To thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe;
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of being, flow.

4 Parent of good, thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessings down distils:
And all in air, or sea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladness fills.

5 All things in thee live, move, and are;
Thy power infus'd doth all sustain;
E'en those thy daily favour share,
Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.

6 Thy sun, thou bid'st, his genial ray
Alike on all impartial pour;
On all who hate, or bless thy sway,
Thou bid'st descend the fruitful shower.

7 And when thy foes who scorn'd thy might,
Shall find thee a consuming fire,
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright
Of those, who to thy love aspire!

8 All creatures praise the eternal name!
Ye hosts that to his court belong,
Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames,
Awake *the everlasting* song!

9 Thrice holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine!
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine!

29. (MATT. VI. 9—13.) L. M.

1 FATHER of all, whose powerful voice,
Call'd forth this universal frame!
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same:
Wisdom and might and love are thine;
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee sovereign Lord of all.

2 Son of thy Sire's eternal love,
Take to thyself thy mighty power;
Let all earth's sons thy mercy prove,
Let all thy heavenly grace adore:
The triumphs of thy love display;
In every heart reign thou alone,
Till all thy foes confess thy sway,
And glory end what grace began.

3 Spirit of grace, and health, and power,
Fountain of light and love below,
Abroad thy healing influence shower,
O'er all the nations let it flow:
Inflame our hearts with perfect love,
In us the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
Than we on earth to do thy will.

30. (PART II.) L. M. D.

1 FATHER, 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry:
On thee we cast our care; we live
Through thee, who know'st our every need;
O feed us with thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living Bread!

2 Eternal, spotless Lamb of God,
Before the world's foundation slain!
Sprinkle us ever with thy blood;
O cleanse and keep us ever clean!
To every soul, (all praise to thee!)
Our bowels of compassion move;
And all mankind by this may see,
God is in us; for God is love.

3 Giver and Lord of life, whose power
And guardian care for all is free,
To thee, in fierce temptation's hour,
From sin and Satan let us flee:
Thine, Lord, we are, and ours thou art:
In us be all thy goodness show'd;
Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart,
With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God.

4 Blessing and honour, praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
In earth below, in heaven above,
By all thy works be paid to thee!

Thrice holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine!
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

31. (PSALM cii. 25—27.) C. M.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey;
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God, there's nothing new.

5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on,
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

32. (PSALM 139.) L. M.

1 LORD, thou hast search'd & seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

33. (PSALM 139.) C. M.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord:
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sovereign love.

34. (PSALM 89.) C. M.

1 WITH reverence let the saints appear
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee,
Or truth compar'd with thine?

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

35. (ISAIAH lvii. 15.) L. M.

1 THY favours, Lord, surprise our souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs;
But the heavenly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

3 Great God, what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay;
But thy compassion's all divine.

36. (ISAIAH xl. 26—29.) L. M.

1 UP to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod;—
His goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!

3 God that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.

4 He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow worm.

7 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

37. (PSALM 99.) S. M.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abus'd his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

38. (PSALM 68.) L. M.

1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide difference that remains,
Is endless joy, or endless pains.

39. (PSALM 145.) C. M.

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with food.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures with all their endless race
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.

40. (PSALM 89.) C. M.

1 MY never-ceasing songs shall shew
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
The eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler covenant seal'd
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thine unchanging love.

41. (MATT. xxiv. 35.) L. M.

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To Him that earth's foundations laid;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

3 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

4 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith;
To embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

5 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

6 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies;
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his power sustains.

42. (NUMB. xxiii. 19.) C. M.

1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing:
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord
For wretched dying men:
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

5 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

6 He said, 'Let the wide heaven be spread'
And heaven was spread abroad;
'Abra'm, I'll be thy God!' he said,
And he was Abra'm's God.

7 O might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, 'thou art mine,'
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

8 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

43. (1 COR. i. 9.) C. M.

1 OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
E'en when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heaven possess'd;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

44. (PSALM xcvii. 2.) L. M.

1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of providence;
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns without a smile:
We through the cloud believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith, and not by sight:
Faith guides us in the wilderness
Through all the briars and the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

45. (PSALM 36.)

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God! How excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

46. (PSALM 91.)

1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try and trust his care.

2 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

3 'Because on me they set their love,
'I'll save them,' saith the Lord,
'I'll bear their joyful souls above
'Destruction and the sword.

4 'My grace shall answer when they call;
'In trouble I'll be nigh:
'My power shall help them when they fall,
'And raise them when they die.

5 'Those that on earth my name have known,
'I'll honour them in heaven;
'There my salvation shall be shown,
'And endless life be given.

47. (PSALM 121.) L. M.

1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood:
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day:
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely bless'd,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

6 On thee foul spirits have no power;
And in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

48. (PSALM 121.) C. M.

1 TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their feet shall never slide to fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call,
His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm;
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

4 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

49. (EXOD. xiii. 21.) P. M.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me, till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever *give to* thee.

50. (ROM. viii. 28.) C. M.

1 SINCE all the downward tracks of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O! who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways.

2 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Assure us of thy wondrous love,
Unmeasurably kind;
To thine unerring gracious will
Be every wish resign'd.

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

5 Thy saints, while ages roll away,
In endless fame survive;
Their glories, o'er the wrongs of time
Greatly triumphant, live.

51. (GEN. xxviii. 20—22.) C. M.

1 O GOD of Abra'm! by whose hand,
Thy people still are fed;
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race!

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide:
Give day by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings abroad,
Till all our wanderings cease;
And at our Father's lov'd abode,
Our feet arrive in peace.

5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer,
Thy mercy we implore;
Then, with the grateful voice of praise,
Thy goodness we'll adore!

52. (ISA. xii. 2.) L. M.

1 BE gone, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide:
Though cisterns be broken, & creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

3 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;
Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

53. (PSALM xcvii. 2.) C. M.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm!

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

54. (PSALM 97.)

1 THE Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord:
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

55. (PSALM ciii. 1, 2.) C. M.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran;
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

7 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

56. (DEUT. XXXIII. 29.) P. M.

1 WHAT a mighty arm surrounds us!
'Tis the arm the world that made;
Never feeble, never failing,
Ever ready for our aid;
Strong protection!
On that help our hope is staid.

2 Day or night, at home or distant,
All our dangers well he knows;
And he wards, though we perceive not,
Many death shafts of our foes;
Nor will leave us,
Even when our life shall close.

3 No—across the flood of Jordan,
That kind hand will lead us still;
Never can the wave o'erwhelm us,
Never can we suffer ill:
For our safety
Is his own almighty will.

57. (PSALM lxxxix. 11—16.) C. M.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;—

4 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains:
Bright cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

58. (PSALM 69.) C. M.

1 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has rais'd us high;
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goat's or bullock's blood.

4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever bless'd.

5 Let heaven and all that dwell on high
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join to advance the praise.

6 Zion is thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates:
And glory, purchas'd by his blood,
For thy own Israel waits.

59. (2 TIM. i. 9, 10.) L. M.

1 NOW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honours given;
He saves from hell, (we bless his name,)
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies, and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy:
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

60. (ROM. v. 12—19.) L. M.

1 DEEP in the dust before thy throne
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God, we own the unhappy name,
Whence sprang our nature and our shame:—

2 Adam the sinner: at his fall,
Death like a conqueror seiz'd us all;
A thousand new-born babes are dead
By fatal union to their head.

3 But while our spirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.

4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own:
Adam the *second*, from the dust,
Raises the ruins of the first.

5 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.

61. (ROM. v. 6—9.) C. M.

1 WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd, and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood;

2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the Eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapt his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living power and dying love
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Bless'd Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

6 Thine honour shall for ever be
The business of our days;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

62. (PSALM ii. 7—10.) C. M.

1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne:
All glory to the united Three,
The undivided One.

3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame—
Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

63. (PSALM 8.) C. M.

1 O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light:—

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?

4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form;
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm?

5 Let him be crown'd with majesty,
Who bow'd his head to death;
And be his honours sounded high
By all things that have breath.

6 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

64. (1 THESS. v. 18.) 7's & 6's.

1 MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of Truth and Grace.
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join!
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Eternal praise be thine!

2 Vieing with that heavenly choir,
Who chant thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love:
Thee, *they* sing, with glory crown'd,
We extol the slaughter'd Lamb;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

3 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heaven.

65. (REV. iv. 11.) 8's & 7's.

1 PRAISE to Thee, thou great Creator!
Praise be thine from every tongue:
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father! Source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There enraptur'd fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

66. (2 THESS. ii. 16.) C. M.

1 THANKS to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

2 For ever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

3 Transporting hope! still on my soul
Let thy bright glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys,
Eternal and divine.

67. (A DOXOLOGY.) L. M.

1 BLESS'd be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and love for dying souls.

3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

68. (A DOXOLOGY.) S. M.

1 LET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

2 Ye saints, employ your breath.
In honour to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death,
By offering up his own.

3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light and power and grace convey
Salvation down to men.

69. (A DOXOLOGY.) P. M.

1 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done;

The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

70. (A DOXOLOGY.)

1 FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love.

2 Incarnate Deity!
Let all the ransom'd race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

3 Spirit of holiness!
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thine heart-renewing power.

4 Eternal Triune Lord!
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men record,
And dwell upon thy love.

71. (A DOXOLOGY.) 7's.

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-belov'd of Heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, Heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee, with thankful hearts, we prove,
God of power, and God of love.

4 Christ, our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow;
Hear, the world's Atonement, Thou:
Jesus, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take, our sins away!

6 Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement, Thou!

7 Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone,
Art with thy great Father one;
One the Holy Ghost with thee;
One supreme eternal Three.

72. (REV. V. 6—14.) C. M.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around;
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain,
For ever on thy head.

5 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

73. (MATT. xxi. 9.) C. M.

1 HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of David here we find
And offspring are the same:
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Bless'd He that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heaven!
Hosannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be given!

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
The hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break
Their silence into songs.

74. (REV. XV. 3.) C. M.

1 HOW strong thine arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear thy name?
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?

2 He has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet and our King;
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
The Egyptian host was drown'd;
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When through the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place;
But Christ shall bring his followers home
To see his Father's face.

6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

75. (REV. i. 5—7.) L. M.

1 NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting power confess'd,
And every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
And every eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,
Then he displays his pardoning love.

76. (REV. V. 11—13.) C. M.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry;
'To be exalted thus;'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

77. (REV. V. 12.) L. M.

1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes than angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is He, that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace, that groan'd and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At his Almighty Father's side.

3 Power and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar:
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though he was charg'd with madness here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss:
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn:
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

78. (HEB. i. 3.) L. M.

1 GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet;
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

3 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise;
There he displays his powers abroad,
And shines and reigns the incarnate God.

4 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

79. (HEB. iii. 1.) L. M.

1 JOIN all the names of love and power,
That ever men or angels bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

2 But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heavenly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 The Angel of the Covenant stands
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make the great salvation known.

4 Great Prophet! let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

5 My bright Exemplar, and my Guide,
I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way.

6 I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
My wandering soul among his sheep.
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.

7 My Surety undertakes my cause,
Answering his Father's broken laws!
Behold my soul, at freedom set!
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

80. (PART II.) L. M.

1 JESUS, my great High Priest, has died;
I seek no sacrifice beside:
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

2 My Lord, my Conqueror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing:
Thine is the victory, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.

3 Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The Captain of salvation leads:
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

4 Should death and hell, and powers unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Salvation in more sovereign ways.

81. (HEB. iii. 1.) P. M.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 But, O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Does our Redeemer use,
To teach his heavenly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands:
Commission'd from his Father's throne,
To make his grace to mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

5 Be thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern and my Guide;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near thy side:
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

82. (PART II.) P. M.

1 I LOVE my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

2 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws:
Behold my soul at freedom set!
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone;
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

5 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on;
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

83. (HEB. viii. 1.) L. M.

1 LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross;

2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,
And see the man that groan'd and died
Sit glorious by his Father's side;

3 My passions rise and soar above,
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains;
And in such humble notes as these
Must fall below thy victories.

5 Well, the kind minute must appear
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay; and mount on high,
To join the songs above the sky.

84. (REV. v. 12.) C. M.

1 JESUS, with all thy saints above
My tongue would bear her part;
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

85. (PHIL. ii. 6—11.)

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he has done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' almighty captive prisoner lay;
Th' almighty captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Among a thousand harps and songs
Jesus our God exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

86.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake my tongue;
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace:
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

6 O may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

87. (HEB. ii. 14, 15.)

1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

6 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

88. (JOHN xix. 34.)

1 COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring;
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the man we sing.

2 Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murderous weapons dyed.

3 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.

4 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.

5 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless his saints and angels' eyes
To everlasting days.

89

(HEB. ii. 16.)

1 DOWN headlong from their native skies
The rebel-angels fell,
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
Pursu'd them deep to hell.

2 Down from the top of earthly bliss
Rebellious man was hurl'd,
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave,
To reach a sinking world.

3 O love of infinite degree!
Unmeasurable grace!
Must heaven's eternal darling die,
To save a traitorous race?

4 Must angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless fire;
While God forsakes his shining throne
To raise us wretches higher?

5 O for this love let earth and skies
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs sing.

90. (MATT. i. 23.) C. M.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God!
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

91. (PSALM 71.) C. M.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage, in thy strength,
To see my Father-God.

4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

92. (1 PET. ii. 7.) C. M.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet:
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

93. (MATT. i. 21.) C. M.

1 THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

3 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wondering eyes,
And hail'd the incarnate God!

4 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I *cannot wish* for more!

5 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

94. (MATT. i. 21.) P. M.

1 LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' Name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious Name!
It charms the hosts above:
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love:
'Tis all their happiness to gaze;
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

95. (ACTS iv. 12.)

1 JESUS, the Name high over all
In hell, or earth, or sky!
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given!
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, 'Behold the Lamb!'

4 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his Name!
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
'Behold, behold the Lamb!'

96. (MATT. i. 21.) C. M.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

97. (ISAIAH xii.) 7's.

1 I WILL praise thee every day,
Now thine anger's turn'd away!
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

2 Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

3 Praise ye then his glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame!
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.

4 Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round!
Zion, shout, for this is He,
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

98. (MATT. i. 23.) 7's.

1 SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfil;
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

3 No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

99. (PSALM CXV. i.) C. M.

1 NOT unto us, but thee alone,
Blest Lamb, be glory given!
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heaven.

2 The host of spirits now with thee
Eternal anthems sing;
To imitate them here, lo, we
Our hallelujahs bring!

3 Had we our tongues like theirs inspir'd,
Like theirs our songs should rise;
Like them we never should be tir'd,
But love the sacrifice.

4 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And, when we reach thy Father's throne,
We'll give thee nobler praise.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Oh! that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

104. (ISAIAH ix. 6, 7.) 8's & 7's.

1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name!
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise.

3 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought:

4 For thy providence that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
Blessed be thy gentle reign!

5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expression:
Who dare sing that awful song?

105. (PART II.) 8's & 7's.

1 BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die.

2 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

3 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives!
Flow my praise, for ever flow!

4 Go, return, almighty Saviour,
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all thy own!

106. (REV. V. 13.) C. M.

1 WE sing to thee, thou Son of God,
Channel of life and grace!
We praise thee, Son of Man, whose blood
Redeem'd the chosen race.

2 Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,
Who wast ere time began;
Who art by heaven and earth ador'd,
Worthy o'er both to reign!

3 To thee all angels cry aloud,
Through heaven's extended coasts;
Hail, holy, holy, holy God
Of glory and of hosts!

4 The Prophets' goodly fellowship,
In radiant garments drest,
Praise thee, thou Son of God! and reap
The fulness of thy rest.

5 The Apostles' glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim!
The martyr'd army glorify
Thy everlasting name!

6 Through all the world thy churches join
To acknowledge thee their Head,
Brightness of majesty divine,
Who every power hast made.

7 Among their number, we delight
To sing thy precious blood:
Reign here, and in the worlds of light,
Thou holy Lamb of God.

107. (ACTS V. 31.) 7's.

1 BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ, our joy and peace!
Let our praise to him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.

2 Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest and King:
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

3 Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by thee wrought:
Wrought for all thy church! and we
Worship in their company.

4 We, thy little flock, adore
Thee, the Lord, for evermore!
Ever with us shew thy love,
Till we join with those above.

108. (HEB. vi. 18.) 7's.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past:
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

109. (GEN. ii. 7. HEB. ii. 14.) L. M.

1 LORD, what is man! extremes how wide,
In this mysterious nature join!
The flesh to worms and dust allied,
The soul immortal and divine!

2 Divine at first, a holy flame
Kindled by the Almighty's breath:
Till stain'd by sin, it soon became
The seat of darkness, strife, and death.

3 But Jesus—Oh! amazing grace!—
Assum'd our nature as his own;
Obey'd and suffer'd in our place,
Then took it with him to his throne.

4 Now what is man, when grace reveals
The virtue of a Saviour's blood?
Again a life divine he feels,
[illegible] *earth*, and walks with God.

5 And what, in yonder realms above,
Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be?
With honour, holiness, and love,
No seraph more adorn'd than he.

6 Before the throne, and first in song,
Man shall his hallelujahs raise;
While wondering angels round him throng,
And swell the chorus of his praise.

110. (MARK X. 47.) P. M.

1 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite!
Jesus, hear and save!

2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled;
Jesus, hear and save!

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of Lords, and King of Kings,
Jesus, hear and save!

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then!
Jesus, hear and save!

111. (LUKE ii. 13, 14.) 7's.

1 HARK, the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
*God and sin*ners reconcil'd.

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies:
Nature, rise and worship him
Who was born at Bethlehem.

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life around he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

4 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that men no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

5 Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

6 Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

112. (LUKE iv. 18, 19.)

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

113. (JOHN i. 1—4.) L. M.

1 ERE the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported, all things stand;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 But lo! he leaves those heavenly forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.

4 Mortals with joy behold his face,
The eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When through his eyes the Godhead shone!

5 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

114. (LUKE ii. 7—14.) S. M.

1 BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd;
Mary the wondrous virgin bears,
And Jesus is the child.

2 To bring the glorious news,
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

3 'Go, humble swains,' said he,
'To David's city fly;
'The promis'd infant, born to-day,
'Doth in a manger lie.

4 'With looks and hearts serene,
'Go visit Christ your King:'
And straight a flaming troop was seen;
The shepherds heard them sing:

5 'Glory to God on high,
'And heavenly peace on earth;
'Good-will to men, to angels joy,
'*At the* Redeemer's birth.'

6 In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues;
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs:

7 'Glory to God on high,
'And heavenly peace on earth;
'Good-will to men, to angels joy,
'At our Redeemer's birth!'

115. (JOHN i. 45.) L. M.

1 BEHOLD the woman's promis'd seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room.

2 Abra'm, the saint, rejoic'd of old
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great fulfiller of his law.

3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd;
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance meet
To join their blessings on his head:
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd seed.

116. (MATT. ii. 10.) L. M.

1 WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd,—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star!—the star of Bethlehem!

117. (LUKE ii. 38.) 8's & 7's.

1 COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

118. (MATT. xi. 5.) L. M.

1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive;
Behold, the dead awake and live;
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus doth the eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies; the heavens in mourning stood:
He rises, and appears a God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart,
And to those hands my soul resign
Which bear credentials so divine.

119. (1 PET. ii. 21.) L. M.

1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn *out in living* characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

120. (PHIL. ii. 5.) C. M.

1 BEHOLD! where, in the friend of man,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found;
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.

4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,—
He labour'd for their good.

5 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resign'd he bow'd and said,
'Thy will, not mine, be done.'

6 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his sacred steps,
And his bright glories share!

121. (ISAIAH xlii. 1—4.) C. M.

1 BEHOLD! the Ambassador divine,
Descending from above,
To publish to mankind the law
Of everlasting love!

2 On him, in rich effusion pour'd,
The heavenly dew descends;
And truth divine he shall reveal,
To earth's remotest ends.

3 No trumpet-sound, at his approach,
Shall strike the wondering ears;
But still and gentle breathes the voice
In which the God appears.

4 By his kind hand, the shaken reed
Shall raise its falling frame;
The dying embers shall revive,
And kindle to a flame.

5 The onward progress of his zeal
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands, and distant isles,
Receive the law divine!

122. (PSALM 40.) L. M.

1 THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought:
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beasts, on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy designs he bows his ears,
Assumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work so hard.

4 'Behold, I come,' (the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes,)
'I come to bear the heavy load
'Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

5 'Tis written in thy great decree,
'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
'I must fulfil the Saviour's part,
'And lo! thy law is in my heart.

6 'I'll magnify thy holy law,
'And rebels to obedience draw,
'When on my cross I'm lifted high,
'Or to my crown above the sky.

7 'The Spirit shall descend and shew
'What thou hast done, and what I do;
'The wondering world shall learn thy grace,
'Thy wisdom and thy righteousness.'

123. (PROV. viii. 23—31.) S. M.

1 WE sing the Saviour's love
That pitied wretched man,
Delighting in the thoughts of peace,
Ere time and worlds began.

2 We see its smiling ray
Out-shining at his birth,
And trace its lustre day by day,
While he sojourn'd on earth.

3 But in his closing hour
How infinite his grace!
When, bow'd beneath the curse, he died
To save our ruin'd race.

4 Ten thousand thousand songs,
With the first Seraph's flame,
Sink far below the unbounded praise
Due to Immanuel's name.

124. (LUKE xxiii. 44—46.) C. M.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

125. (PSALM 69.) L. M.

1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Has made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Aton'd for sins which we had done.

3 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law restor'd:
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

4 O for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live:
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

126. (ISAIAH liii. 6—12.) S. M.

1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head.

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men;
And make him see a numerous seed
To recompense his pain.

5 'I'll give him,' saith the Lord,
'A portion with the strong:
'He shall possess a large reward,
'And hold his honours long.'

127. (JOHN xix. 30.) C. M.

1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death,
He conquer'd when he fell;
'Tis finish'd!' said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 'Tis finish'd!' our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints from his propitious eye
Await their several crowns:
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

128. (JOHN i. 29.) S. M.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away:
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

129. (GAL. vi. 14.) L. M.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

130. (JOHN xii. 32.) S. M.

1 BEHOLD the amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high!
Behold the Son of God's delight,
Expire in agony.

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn?

3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died:
'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head,
And ope'd his gashing side.

4 I see, and I adore
In sympathy of love:
I feel the strong, attractive power,
To lift my soul above.

5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardour, to confess
The energy divine.

6 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from thy cross pursue their flight:
To thy triumphant throne.

131. (ROM. v. 8.) C. M.

1 AND did the Holy and the Just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead;
For man (O miracle of grace!)
For man the Saviour bled!

4 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
To love so full, so free,
And may I hope *that* love extends
Its sacred power to me?

5 What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine?
O take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it only thine!

132. (JOHN i. 14.) 7's.

1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in Majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious height I climb,
In the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines, in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful, Calvary.

133. (JOHN xix. 30.) C. M.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
A spectacle of woe!
See from his agonizing wounds
The blood incessant flow.

2 'Tis finish'd!'—was his latest voice;
These sacred accents o'er,
He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost,
And suffer'd pain no more.

3 'Tis finish'd—the Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own;
The great redemption is complete,
And Satan's power o'erthrown.

4 'Tis finish'd—all his groans are past;
His blood, his pain, and toils,
Have fully vanquish'd all our foes,
And crown'd him with their spoils.

5 'Tis finish'd—legal worship ends,
The shadows flee away;
While grace and truth resplendent shine
To bless the gospel day.

134. (ZECH. xiii. 1.) C. M.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
O there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away!

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

7 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.

135. (JOHN xiii. 9.) C. M.

1 MY dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

2 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

3 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

136. (JOHN xix. 30.) P. M.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See—it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!

'It is finished!'
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 'It is finish'd!'—O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
'It is finish'd!'
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd, all that God had promis'd;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
'It is finish'd!'
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

137. (HEB. xii. 3.) 8's & 7's.

1 WHEN I read the contradiction,
Christ endured my soul to gain;
Gaze upon the crucifixion—
Shall I of the cross complain?
Let not, Lord, thy sore affliction
Have been borne for me in vain!

2 Lo! upon the tree extended,
Jesus bows his dying head;
Bears the wrath of God offended,
Suffers in the sinner's stead.
Now thy days of woe are ended:
'Twas for thee, my soul, he bled!

3 After earth's deceitful pleasure
Never more my heart shall rove:
Farewell, every worldly treasure!
Now my treasure is above.
I shall drink, in plenteous measure,
From the fountain-head of love!

4 Praise, henceforth, and adoration
To the throne of grace I'll bring,
'Hail, O Israel's consolation!'
(Let each ransom'd sinner sing)
'Hail, thou God of our salvation!
'Hail, O Prophet, Priest, and King.'

138. (ROM. xiv. 9.) L. M. D.

1 HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, saints! and drop a tear or two
For Him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree!
The Lord of Glory dies for men!
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

The rising God forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's court he flies!
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns!
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains!
Say—'Live for ever, wondrous King!
'Born to redeem, and strong to save!'
Then ask the monster—'Where's thy sting?
'And where's thy victory, boasting grave?'

139. (PSALM 16.) C. M.

1 'I SET the Lord before my face,
'He bears my courage up:
'My heart and tongue their joys express,
'My flesh shall rest in hope.

2 'My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
'Where souls departed are;
'Nor quit my body to the grave,
'To see corruption there.

3 'Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
'And raise me to thy throne;
'Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
'Thy presence joys unknown.'

4 Thus, in the name of Christ the Lord,
The holy David sung;
And Providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetic tongue.

5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
Was crucified and slain:
Behold, the tomb its prey restores,
Behold, he lives again!

6 When shall my feet arise and stand
On heaven's eternal hills?
There sits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles.

140. (1 PET. i. 3—5.) C. M.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day:
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

141. (HEB. xiii. 20, 21.) 7's.

1 NOW may He, who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight:
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night!

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant seal'd with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

142. (LUKE xxiv. 34.) P. M.

1 YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conquering head;
In wild dismay
The guards around
Fell to the ground,
And sunk away.

2 Lo, the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,
'Jesus, who bled,
'Hath left the dead;
'He rose to-day.'

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported cry,
'Jesus, who bled,
'Hath left the dead;
'No more to die.'

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us by thy blood!
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God.
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

143. (LUKE xxiv. 6.) L. M.

1 UPRISING from the darksome tomb,
See the victorious Jesus come!
The Almighty Prisoner quits the prison,
And angels tell, the Lord is risen.

2 Ye guilty souls, that mourn and grieve,
Hear the glad tidings; hear, and live:
God's righteous law is satisfied;
And justice now is on your side.

3 Your Surety, thus releas'd by God,
Pleads the rich ransom of his blood.
No new demand, no bar remains;
But mercy now triumphant reigns.

4 Believers, hail your rising Head,
The first begotten from the dead;
Your resurrection's sure through His,
To endless life, and boundless bliss.

144. (LUKE xxiv. 34.) S. M.

1 'THE Lord is risen indeed!'
And are the tidings true?
Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.

2 'The Lord is risen indeed!'
Then Justice asks no more;
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Who stood oppos'd before.

3 'The Lord is risen indeed!'
Then is his work perform'd;
The captive surely now is freed,
And Death, our foe, disarm'd.

4 'The Lord is risen indeed!'
Then Hell has lost his prey:
With him is risen the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.

5 'The Lord is risen indeed!'
Attending angels bear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

6 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

145. (MARK xvi. 2—6.) C. M.

1 THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more:
Adore the Scatterer of your fears,
Your rising God adore.

2 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod:
He died and suffer'd as a man,
He rises as a God.

3 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise,
To him who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens Paradise.

146. (MARK xvi. 2—6.) L. M.

1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing ye heavens, and earth reply:

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won!
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise,—
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the Resurrection,—thou!

147. (MATT. xxviii. 2—6.) 7's.

1 LO, the stone is roll'd away;
Death yields up his mighty prey;
Jesus, rising from the tomb,
Scatters all its fearful gloom.

2 Praise him, ye celestial choirs!
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

3 Every note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell:
Where, O Death! is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquish'd king?

4 Let Immanuel be ador'd,
Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
To creation's utmost bound
Let the eternal praise resound.

148. (Matt. xxviii. 6.) 7's.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus dissipates its gloom!
Day of triumph through the skies—
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Christians, dry your flowing tears,
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave,
Doubt no more his power to save.

3 Ye, who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scatter'd shade;
Drive your anxious cares away,
See the place where Jesus lay.

4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

149. (Ephes. iv. 8—10.) C. M.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That cloth'd himself in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise:
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

150. (ACTS i. 9—11.) 7's.

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes:
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven;
There the mighty hero waits,
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of Glory in.

2 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours;
Conqueror o'er death, hell, and sin,—
Take the King of Glory in:

Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returned to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

3 Ever upward may we move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home!
There may we with thee remain,
Partners of thine endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee!

151. (PSALM xxiv. 7—10.) L. M.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky;

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's Name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

6 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord of glorious power possest;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all for ever blest.

152. (MATT. iv. 11.) C. M.

1 BEYOND the glittering starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
There, in the boundless world of light,
The great Redeemer dwells.

2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine
At his right hand, with golden harps,
To offer songs divine.

3 Hail, Prince! they cry—for ever hail!
Whose unexampled love
Mov'd thee to quit those glorious realms
And royalties above.

4 Whilst he did condescend on earth
To suffer scorn and pain,
They cast their honours at his feet,
And waited in his train.

5 Through all his travels here below,
They did his steps attend;
Oft gaz'd and wonder'd where at last
This mystic scene would end.

6 They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds,
With love and grief run o'er;
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er brake before.

7 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cried
'The glorious work is done!'

153. (PSALM lxviii. 17, 18.) L. M.

1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky:
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captives made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

154. (LUKE x. 18.) C. M.

1 HOSANNA to our conquering King!
The prince of darkness flies,
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.

2 Hosanna to our conquering King!
All hail, incarnate love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

3 Thy victories and thy deathless fame
Through the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

155. (PSALM 47.) C. M.

1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around,
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing,
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song,
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne;
He lov'd that chosen race:
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

156. (ISAIAH lxiii. 1—6.) 7's.

1 WHO is this that comes from Edom?
All his raiment stain'd with blood:
To the slave proclaiming freedom;
Bringing and bestowing good:
Glorious in the garb he wears,
Glorious in the spoils he bears.

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in his might:
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To his people is the sight!
Jesus now is strong to save:
Mighty to redeem the slave.

3 Why that blood his raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain.
Of his foes there's none remaining;
None the contest to maintain:
Fall'n they are, no more to rise;
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty victor, reign for ever;
Wear the crown so dearly won:
Never shall thy people, never
Cease to sing what thou hast done.
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
Thou hast heal'd thy people's woes.

157. (HEB. i. 6.) 8's & 7's.

1 HARK, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he fills yon azure throne!
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of Glory, reign for ever!
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own.
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destin'd to behold thy face.

3 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day;
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
'Glory, glory to our King!'

158. (HEB. x. 12.) 8's & 7's.

1 JESUS, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

159. (REV. i. 18.) L. M.

1 HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The spacious world unseen is his,
And sovereign power becomes him well.

2 In shame and torment once he died;
But now he lives for evermore:
Bow down, ye saints, around his seat;
And all ye angel bands, adore.

3 So live for ever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes, and guard thy friends;
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice
That thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.

5 For ever reign, victorious King;
Wide through the earth thy name be known:
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimer anthems near thy throne.

160. (REV. i. 18.) P. M.

1 REJOICE! the Lord is King;
Your God and King adore:
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice! again I say, Rejoice!

2 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, &c.

3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow at his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your heart, &c.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

161. (PSALM 98.) C. M.

1 JOY to the world—the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

162. (PSALM 8.) L. M.

1 LORD, what was man, when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust,
That thou shouldst set him and his race
But just below an angel's place?

2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
And make him Lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

3 But, O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!

4 See him below his angels made;
See him in dust among the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin!
But he shall reign with power divine.

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

163. (MATT. xxi. 9.) C. M.

1 WE bless the prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We reverence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood;
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King,
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin
By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways;
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

164. (HEB. ix. 23—26.) C. M.

1 THE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock slain;
Incense and spice of costly names
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The offering and the priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 'Father,' he cries, 'forgive their sins,
'For I myself have died;'
And then he shews his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

165. (HEB. 9.) C. M.

1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt-offerings brought
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 Fresh blood as constant as the day
Was on their altar spilt;
But thy one offering takes away
For ever all our guilt.

4 Their priesthood ran through several hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.

5 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne.

6 But Christ, by his own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shews his own sacrifice.

7 Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns
On Zion's heavenly hill;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face:
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

166. (HEB. ix. 24.) C. M.

1 LIFT up your eyes to the heavenly seats
Where your Redeemer stays;
Kind intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

2 Petitions now and praise may rise,
And saints their offerings bring;
The Priest with his own sacrifice
Presents them to the King.

3 Jesus alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne;
He, dearest Lord, perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens every groan.

4 Ten thousand praises to the King,
Hosanna in the highest!
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God and to his Christ.

167. (HEB. x. 19—22.) C. M.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high!
And glory to the eternal King,
That lays his anger by.

168. (HEB. iv. 15.) C. M.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

169. (EXOD. xxviii. 29.) C. M.

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above;
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.

2 Though rais'd to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honours crown'd;

3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are moulder'd down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May thy dear name be worn;
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

170. (HEB. x. 21.) P. M.

1 THE atoning work is done,
The victim's blood is shed;
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead:
He stands in heaven their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon his breast.

2 He sprinkles with his blood
The mercy-seat above:
For justice had withstood
The purposes of love:
But justice now objects no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands,
His place of service is;
In heaven itself he stands,—
A heavenly Priesthood his:
In him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.

4 And though a while he be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again:
In brightest glory he will come,
And take his waiting people home.

171. (HEB. ix. 24.) S. M.

1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone
To appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If justice call for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shews his own.

3 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honours sing:
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

4 On earth thy mercy reigns,
And triumphs all above:
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains
To speak immortal love!

5 How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing!
Dear Saviour, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.

172. (HEB. ix. 24.) P. M.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 The Father hears him pray,—
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

3 My God is reconcil'd,
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

173. (EXOD. xii. 23.) C. M.

1 LO, the destroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's stubborn land:
The pride and flower of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.

2 He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine;
He saw the blood on every door,
And bless'd the peaceful sign.

3 Thus the appointed lamb must bleed
To break the Egyptian yoke;
Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.

4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.

5 Jesus, our passover, was slain,
And has at once procur'd
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

174. (HEB. xiii. 20, 21.) C. M.

1 FATHER of peace, and God of love,
We own thy power to save;
That power, by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

2 We triumph in that Shepherd's name,
Still watchful for our good,
Who brought the eternal covenant down,
And seal'd it with his blood.

3 So may thy Spirit seal my soul,
And mould it to thy will;
That my fond heart no more may stray,
But keep thy covenant still.

4 Still may we gain superior strength,
And press with vigour on,
Till full perfection crown our hopes,
And fix us near thy throne.

175. (EZEK. xxxiv. 31.) C. M.

1 AND will the Majesty of heaven
Accept us for his sheep?
And, with a shepherd's tender care,
Such worthless creatures keep?

2 And will he spread his guardian arms
Round our defenceless head;
And cause us gently to lie down
In his refreshing shade?

3 And will he lead our weary souls
To that delightful scene,
Where rivers of salvation flow
With pastures ever green?

4 What thanks can mortal man repay
For favours great as thine?
Or how can tongues of feeble clay
Proclaim such love divine?

5 Eternal God, how mean are we!
How richly gracious Thou!
Our souls o'erwhelm'd with humble joy,
In silent transports bow.

176. (PSALM 23.) C. M.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need;
JEHOVAH is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.

6 There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come)
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

177. (PSALM 23.) L. M.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

178. (PSALM xxiii. 1, 2.) 6s.

1 THOU Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! shew me the happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstacy gaze,
And look on their crucified Lord;
Thy love for a sinner declare;
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

179. (PSALM 23.) P. M.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
And he my soul will keep;
He knoweth who are his,
And watcheth o'er his sheep.
Away with every anxious fear,
I cannot want while He is near.

2 His wisdom doth provide
The pasture where I feed;
Where the still waters glide
Along the quiet mead;
He leads my feet, and, when I roam,
O'ertakes and brings the wanderer home.

3 He leads himself the way
His faithful flock should take:
Them who his voice obey,
His love will ne'er forsake;
For he has pledg'd his holy name,
He who for ever is the same.

4 Let me but feel him near,
Death's gloomy pass in view,
I'll walk, without a fear,
The shadowy valley through.
With rod and staff, my Shepherd's care
Will guide my steps, and guard me there.

5 Still is my table spread:
My foes stand silent by:
I feed on living bread,
My cruse is never dry:
And surely love and mercy will
Attend me on my journey still.

6 Still hope and grateful praise
Shall form my constant song;
Shall cheer my gloomiest days,
And tune my dying tongue:
Until my ransom'd soul shall rise,
To praise Him better in the skies.

180. (HEB. iv. 13—16.) C. M.

1. ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord,
Pierces all nature through;
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view!

2 The mighty whole, each smaller part,
At once before thee lies;
And every thought of every heart
Is open to thine eyes.

3 Though greatly from myself conceal'd,
Thou seest my inward frame;
To thee I always stand reveal'd,
Exactly as I am.

4 Since therefore I can hardly bear
What in myself I see;
Oh! how impure must I appear,
Most holy God to thee!

5 But since my Saviour stands between,
In garments dyed in blood,
'Tis he, instead of me, is seen,
When I approach to God.

6 Thus, though a sinner, I am safe;
He pleads before the throne,
His life and death in my behalf,
And calls my sins his own.

7 What wondrous love, what mysteries,
In his appointment shine!
My breaches of the law are his,
And his obedience mine.

181. (ISA. XXXV. 8. JOHN xiv. 6.) L. M.

1 JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone;
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The *narrow way* till him I view.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief and burthen long have been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

3 The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
'Come hither, soul! I am the way.'

4 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

5 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, 'Behold the way to God!'

182. (PSALM cxviii. 22, 23.) C. M.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

183. (Rom. v. 12—19.) L. M.

1 BACKWARD with humble shame we look
On our original:
How is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall!

2 To all that's good, averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

3 What mortal power from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?

4 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

5 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sovereign power
That new creates our dust.

184. (Acts ii.) L. M.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
While on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And power to kill, and power to save:
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields and spears and swords.

3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
'Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;
'Go, spread the mystery of his cross.'

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdued;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6 Great King of Grace, my heart subdue!
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word.

185. (ACTS X. 44.) C. M.

1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold thy servants wait;
With longing eyes, and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 O shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven;
And bear with energy divine
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

4 Diffuse, O God, these copious showers,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change this barren wilderness
To Carmel's flowery field.

186. (GAL. iv. 6.) C. M.

1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father, God, how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On mine expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe:
Thou know'st I Abba, Father, cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

187. (PSALM cxix. 5.) C. M.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart,
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise,
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray;
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road:
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

188. (PSALM CXIX. 25.) C. M.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine:
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 Are not thy mercies sovereign still?
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

4 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

189. (JOHN iv. 10—14.) 8's.

1 JESUS, the gift divine I know,
The gift divine I ask of thee:
That living water now bestow,
Thy Spirit and thyself on me:
Thou, Lord, of life the fountain art,
Now let me find thee in my heart!

2 Now let me drink, and thirst no more
For drops of finite happiness:
Spring up, O Well, in heavenly power,
In streams of pure, perennial peace;
In joy that none can take away,
In life, which shall for ever stay.

3 Father, on me the grace bestow,
Blameless to live before thy sight,
Whence all the streams of mercy flow,
Mercy, thy own supreme delight;
This grace, for Jesus' sake, impart,
And plant thy nature in my heart.

190. (PHIL. ii. 13.) C. M.

1 FATHER, to thee my soul I lift;
My soul on thee depends;
Convinc'd that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power, and wisdom too:
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive;
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

4 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live;
Our God is ALL in ALL.

191. (PSALM cxix. 18.) C. M.

1 FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe;
One bright celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe,)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
  Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
  And die to all below.

192. (JOHN vi. 63.) 8's.

1 INSPIRER of the ancient seers,
  Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
The same thro' all succeeding years;
  To us, in our degenerate age,
The Spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe the life into our heart.

2 While now thine oracles we read,
  With earnest prayer and strong desire,
O let thy Spirit from thee proceed,
  Our souls to awaken and inspire;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the light of grace.

3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
  The living God through sin forsake;
Our conscience by thy word reprove,
  Convince, and bring the wanderers back;
Deep wounded by thy Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's balm restor'd.

4 The sacred lessons of thy grace,
  Transmitted through thy word, repeat,
And train us up in all thy ways,
  To make us in thy will complete:
Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.

193. (2 KINGS ii. 9. JOHN xvi. 23.)

1 'ASK what ye will,'—'tis Jesus' word
To all the followers of the Lord;
He speaks with confidence divine,
'To give the Holy Ghost is mine.'

2 And thou who didst to glory go,
Wilt on thy church that gift bestow,
To bless, and sanctify, and seal,
And all our souls for ever fill.

3 Hard is the grant, but not for thee,
Vested with full authority;
Needful for sinners to receive,
'Tis easy for my Lord to give.

4 Sent down in answer to thy prayer,
O may the promis'd Comforter
Teach me, my Saviour, who thou art,
And shew thy glory to my heart.

194. (JOHN vii. 37—39.)

1 O SAVIOUR of souls, thy word we believe,
And come at thy call, thy grace to receive:
The blessing is given, wherever thou art,
The earnest of heaven, thy love in the heart.

2 We wait at thy feet; the Comforter give;
We long to admit thy Spirit, and live:
The weakest believers acknowledge for thine,
And fill us with rivers of water divine.

195. (JOHN xiv. 6.) L. M.

1 COME, Jesus, come, my heart inspire,
Wisdom and power of God, appear;
Kindle the pure celestial fire,
Be thou my life eternal here.

2 The way, the truth, the life divine,
Each moment thee I long to prove;
Each moment to receive of thine,
Each moment feel that God is love.

196. (JOHN i. 4.) 7's.

1 LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart.

2 Every mourning sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Son of God, appear, appear!
To thy human temples come.

3 Come, in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with the glorious power,
Rooting out the love of sin.

4 Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our hearts' desire,
All our joy and all our peace.

197. (JOHN viii. 12.) 8's & 7's.

1 LIGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, thy bright beams revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thy appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart.
Come, and manifest the favour
God hath for our ransom'd race;
Come, thou Advocate and Saviour!
Come, and bring thy gospel grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.
By thine all-sufficient merit
Every burden'd soul release;
By the shining of thy Spirit
Guide us into perfect peace.

198. (JOHN xiv. 16.) 7's.

1 JESUS is gone up on high;
But his promise still is here,
'I will all your wants supply;
'*I will* send the Comforter.

2 Let us now his promise plead,
Let us to his throne draw nigh:
Jesus knows his people's need:
Jesus hears his people cry.

3 Send us, Lord, the Comforter,
Pledge and witness of thy love;
Dwelling with thy people here,
Leading them to joys above.

4 Till we reach the promis'd rest,
Till thy face unveil'd we see,
Of this blessed hope possess'd,
Teach us, Lord, to live to thee.

199. (JOHN xiv. 17.) P. M.

1 SAVIOUR, I thy word believe,
My unbelief remove;
Now thy quickening Spirit give,
The unction from above:
Shew me, Lord, how good thou art;
My soul with all thy fulness fill;
Send the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

2 Blessed Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me;
Make my every deed thine own,
In all things led by thee:
Bid my sins and fears depart,
And with me O vouchsafe to dwell;
Faithful witness, in my heart
Thy perfect light reveal.

3 Whom the world cannot receive,
Lord, manifest in me;
Son of God, I cease to live,
Unless I live to thee.
Make me choose the better part;
Display thy love, my pardon seal;
Send the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

200. (ACTS i. 4.) C. M.

1 ENTHRON'D on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down!
Fulfil in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we most desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give!
Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ that we may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace;
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well!
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

201.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee—
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

202.

1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things.

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O, for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love!

203. (SOL. SONG iv. 16.) L. M.

1 WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot enclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heavenly wind! and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume:
Spirit Divine! descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God:—
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

204.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

205. (EPH. i. 13, 14.)

1 O THAT the Comforter would come!
Nor visit as a transient guest;
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast:
And make my soul his lov'd abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

2 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire!
Attest that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
I cannot rest in sins forgiven;
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

3 Where the indubitable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine!
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!

206. (EPH. i. 17—19.) L. M.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace:
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
All our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

207. (EPH. i. 17—19.) S. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise:
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open thou our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

208. (EPH. i. 17—19.) 8's.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! source of light!
Enlivening, consecrating fire,
Descend, and with celestial heat
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire.
Our souls refine, our dross consume!
Come, condescending Spirit! come.

2 Let pure devotion's fervours rise
Let every holy feeling glow!
Oh! let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below!
Come, vivifying Spirit! come,
And make our souls thy constant home.

209. (ROM. viii. 16.) 8's.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire!
Come, and my hallow'd heart inspire,
Sprinkle with the atoning blood;
Now to my soul thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
And know that I am born of God.

2 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;
In love create thou all things new.

3 Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified;
To thee with my whole heart aspire;
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire!

4 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire!
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood:
Still to my soul thyself reveal;
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

210. (JOHN xvi. 13, 14.) C. M.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost (for, mov'd by thee,
The holy prophets spoke),
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

3 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

211. (JOHN xiv. 26.) C. M.

1 NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love!

2 Thee, we the Comforter confess;
Unless thou'rt present here,
Our songs of praise are vain address,
We utter heartless prayer.

212. (JER. xxiii. 29.) C. M.

1 COME, O thou all victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 Conclude us first in unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

3 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give;
The knowledge of our cure.

4 That heart-felt sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

5 Our desperate state through sin declare;
And speak our sins forgiven;
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven!

213. (Acts ii. 16.)

1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of Nature's night;
Come, thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

2 Author of our new creation,
Bid us all thine influence prove;
Make our souls thy habitation;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

214. (John xvi. 13, 14.)

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burden'd sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

215.

1 GRANTED is the Saviour's prayer,
Now descends the Comforter,
Promise of our parting Lord,
Jesus to his heaven restor'd.

2 Come, divine and peaceful guest,
Enter our devoted breast;
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel fire.

3 Bid our sin and sorrow cease;
Fill us with thy heavenly peace;
Joy divine we then shall prove,
Light of Truth, and fire of Love.

216.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh! soothe and cheer my burden'd heart,
And bid my Spirit rest in thee.

217. (PSALM cxix. 130.) C. M.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

218. (PSALM cxix. 105.) C. M.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

219. (PSALM cxix. 103.) L. M.

1 I LOVE the sacred book of God;
No other can its place supply:
It points me to the saints' abode;
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

2 Blest book! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord;
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.

3 Then shall I need thy light no more,
For nothing shall be then conceal'd;
When I have reach'd the heavenly shore,
The Lord himself will stand reveal'd.

4 When 'midst the throng celestial plac'd,
The bright Original I see,
From which thy sacred page was trac'd,
Blest book! I've no more need of thee.

5 But while I'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love:
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And get a taste of joys above.

220. (HEB. i. 1, 2.) L. M.

1 GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,
To *teach us in these latter days.*

2 Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that sure record:
The bright inheritance of heaven
Is by the sweet conveyance given.

3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and bless'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof, and comfort too.

4 Ye British isles, who read his love,
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To every land,) praise ye the Lord!

221. (PSALM 19.) S. M.

1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word;
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And man securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me lest I stray.

6 Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

7 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

222. (PSALM 19.)

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess;
But the bless'd volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations bless'd
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

223. (PSALM CIX. 57—60.)

1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste to obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice:
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine;
O save thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;
My hope is in thy word.

6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus till mortal life shall end
Would I perform thy will.

224. (PSALM cxix. 9.) C. M.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road:
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise;
But love thy law, my God.

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

225. (PSALM cxix. 97.) C. M.

1 O HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.

3 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

4 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

5 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

226. (PSALM cxix. 96.)

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could shew one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no further go!

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

5 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

227. (PSALM cxix. 111.) C. M.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage:
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows bless'd;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

228. (PSALM 1.) S. M.

1 THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinners' ways,
Among their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place;

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so the ungodly race—
They no such blessings find;
Their hopes shall flee, like empty chaff,
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment seat,
Where all the saints, at Christ's right hand,
In full assembly meet?

6 He knows, and he approves
The way the righteous go;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

229. (PSALM cxix. 114.) C. M.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my griefs assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand!

230. (2 TIM. i. 13.) L. M.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe for man.

3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

4 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

5 Not the feign'd fields of heathenish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
Nor does the Turkish Paradise
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.

6 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

231. (PSALM lxxxix. 15, 16.) C. M.

1 BLESS'D are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

232. (PSALM lxxxix. 15.) C. M.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

233. (JOHN i. 17.)

1 THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fiery law.

2 The Lord reveals his face,
And smiling from above
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
The epistles of his love.

3 Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence:
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
And armour of defence.

4 We read the heavenly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

234. (JOHN i. 17.)

1 THE law by Moses came;
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God
Their different works were done:
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands,
The sovereign and the head.

235. (1 COR. i. 23, 24.) C. M.

1 CHRIST and his cross are all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlighten'd from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

236. (1 COR. i. 18.) L. M.

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice, and live:
Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

4 Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
Whilst the wild world esteem it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.

5 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

237. (EPHES. ii. 5.) S. M.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

238. (JOHN iii. 14—16.) C. M.

1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

2 'Look upward in the dying hour,
'And live,' the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heavens he reigns;
Here sinners, by the old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
The expiring Gentile lives.

239. (JOHN iii. 16—18.) L. M.

1 NOT to condemn the sons of men
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear:
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of men so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

240. (John iii. 16.) C. M.

1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

4 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

241. (John iii. 17.) S. M.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

5 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

242. (PSALM 85.) L. M.

1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
By his obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

243. (EPHES iii. 9, 10.) L. M.

1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near;
While power and truth and boundless love
Display their glories here.

2 Here in thy gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace:
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.

5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

244. (ISAI. lv. 1—3.) C. M.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel-grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

245. (Isai. lv. 2. Isai. xlii. 1.)

1 IN vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat;
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.

3 Our God will every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace:
He gives, by covenant and by oath,
The riches of his grace.

4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains
In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.

5 And lest pollution should o'erspread
Our inward powers again,
His Spirit shall bedew our souls
Like purifying rain.

6 Our heart, that flinty, stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threatnings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolv'd by love.

7 Or he can take the flint away
That would not be refin'd,
And from the treasures of his grace
Bestow a softer mind.

8 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

246. (ISA. lii. 7—10. MATT. xiii. 16, 17.) S. M.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
'Zion, behold thy Saviour-King;
'*He reigns* and triumphs here.'

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound;
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light:
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight!

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

247. (MATT. xi. 28—30.) L. M.

1 'COME hither, all ye weary souls,
'Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
'I'll give you rest from all your toils,
'And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 'They shall find rest that learn of me;
'I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
'But passion rages like the sea,
'And pride is restless as the wind.

3 'Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
'My yoke, and bear it with delight;
'My yoke is easy to the neck,
'*My* grace shall make the burden light.'

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

248. (1 JOHN i. 8, 9.) C. M.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
'Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
'And trust upon the Lord.'

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From sins of deepest die.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

249. (ISAI. lvii. 15, 16.) L. M.

1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
'I sit upon my holy throne:
'My name is God, I dwell on high,
'*Dwell in my own eternity.*

2 'But I descend to worlds below,
'On earth I have a mansion too:
'The humble spirit and contrite
'Is an abode of my delight.

3 'The humble soul my words revive,
'I bid the mourning sinner live,
'Heal all the broken hearts I find,
'And ease the sorrows of the mind.'

4 O may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chastening love.

250. (ECCLES. ix. 10.) L. M.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given,
To escape from hell, and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

4 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave, to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

251. (Micah vii. 19.)

1 WHY does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear?
What doubts are these that waste your faith,
And nourish your despair?

2 What though your numerous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And, aiming at the eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise?

3 See here, an endless ocean flows
Of never failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase.

4 It rises high and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound:
Now if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

5 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pardoning blood that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

252.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Love's redeeming work adore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, join'd with power.
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies:
On the cursed tree behold him:
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finish'd!—
Sinners, will not this suffice?

5 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merits of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Loudly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

253 (EZEK. xxxiii. 11.) L. M.

1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?

2 Wilt thou then dare the dreadful fate,
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams;
Madly attempt the infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold.

254. (PSALM 72.) L. M.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

3 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of over-spreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace like a river from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

255. (PSALM 72.) L. M.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 Behold the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia, glorious to behold;
There India shines in eastern gold;
And barbarous nations, at his word,
Submit and bow, and own their Lord.

4 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

5 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

7 Where he displays his healing power
Death and the curse are known no more:
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

8 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

256. (PSALM lxxii. 5—8.) L. M.

1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control:

2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come;
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall, at this brightness, flee away,
The dawn of an eternal day.

3 Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law,
And Antichrist, on every shore,
Fall from his throne to rise no more.

4 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
In pure devotion, at thy feet;
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,
Her fulness and her glory too.

5 O that from Britain now might shine
This heavenly light, this truth divine!
Till the whole universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, for thee.

257. (PSALM 45.) C. M.

1 I'LL speak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince!
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terrors shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

3 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule the saints by love.

4 Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

258. (PSALM 67.) C. M.

1 SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coast,
And shew thy smiling face.

2 Amidst our Isle, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand;
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the favoured land.

3 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands;
Sing loud, with solemn voice;
While British tongues exalt his praise,
And British hearts rejoice.

5 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the world he made
In justice and in love.

6 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

259. (PSALM 67.) L. M.

1 BE merciful, O God of grace,
To us thy people. Let thy face
Beam on us, that thy church may shine
In this dark world, with light divine.

2 That light divine, Oh, let it spread,
Till all the darkness shall have fled;
And the false crescent's waning ray
Be lost in the full noon of day.

3 Reveal, O Lord, thy saving plan
To all the families of man:
Let distant nations hear thy word;
Let all the nations praise the Lord.

4 Let them with joy thy praises sing,
Earth's righteous Judge and sovereign King:
Illumin'd by thy holy word,
Let all the nations praise the Lord.

5 Then shall this barren world assume
New beauty, and the desert bloom:
Our God shall richly bless us then,
And all men fear his name. Amen.

260. (PSALM 96.) C. M.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea:
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

4 Behold, he comes, he comes to bless
The nations, as their God;
To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

261. (PSALM 98.) C. M.

1 TO our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address'd;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations bless'd.

2 He spake the word to Abr'am first,
His truth fulfils the grace:
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her different tongues;
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

262. (PSALM 110.) L. M.

1 THUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son: 'Ascend, and sit
'At my right hand, till I shall make
'Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 'From Zion shall thy word proceed:
'Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
'Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
'And bow their wills to thy command.

3 'That day shall shew thy power is great,
'When saints shall flock with willing minds,
'And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
'Where holiness in beauty shines.'

4 O blessed power! O glorious day!
What a large victory shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

263. (PSALM 110.) C. M.

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.

3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
'Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
'When Aaron's is no more.

4 'Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,
'That king of high degree,
'That holy man who Abr'am bless'd,
'Was but a type of thee.'

5 Jesus, our Priest, for ever lives
To plead for us above:
Jesus, our King, for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

264. (PSALM 117.) L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

265. (1 KINGS xviii. 44, 45.) 7's.

1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze;
To bring fire on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is;
Oh that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way:

More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strong holds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath open'd wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorified;
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

266. (REV. xiv. 6.) C. M.

1 GREAT God! the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are *treasur'd* in thy mind.

3 Lord! when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassals, long enslav'd, become
The freemen of the Lord?

5 When shall the untutor'd Indian tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

6 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays;
And build on sin's demolish'd throne
The temple of thy praise.

267. (ISAIAH ii. 2—5.) C. M.

1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall all the world command.

4 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

5 No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
Men shall in peace together live,
And study war no more.

6 Come, then, O house of Jacob! come,
Enjoy this peace divine;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

268. (LEV. XXV. 9—13.) P. M.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound—
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Son of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
To all the world proclaim:
The year, &c.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' blood:
The year, &c.

4 The gospel trumpet sounds,
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear:
The year, &c.

269. (ISAIAH lv. 11.) C. M.

1 LORD! send thy word, and let it fly,
Arm'd with thy Spirit's power;
Then thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2 Lord! for those days we wait;—those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promis'd age of gold!

3 Amen, with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumber'd myriads cry;
Amen, with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumber'd choirs reply!

270. (REV. xi. 15.) P. M.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary:
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase!
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around!

271. (ISAIAH lx. 1.) P. M.

1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh.
Cheerful in God,
Arise and shine,
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

2 In honour to his name,
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise,
Till sovereign love,
In worlds above,
The glory raise.

3 There on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While round his throne
Ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres,
His influence own.

272. (ISAIAH lxvi. 8.) L. M.

1 BEHOLD, with joyous ecstacy,
The gospel standard lifted high,
That all the nations from afar
May in the great salvation share.

2 Awake, all-conquering arm, awake,
And hell's extensive empire shake;
Assert the honours of thy throne,
And call this ruin'd world thine own.

3 Thine all-successful power display;
Produce a nation in a day;
For, at thy word, this barren earth
Shall travail with a general birth.

273. (PSALM xlv. 3.) P. M.

1 GIRD thy sword on, mighty Saviour,
Make the word of truth thy car;
Prosper in thy course, triumphant,
All success attend thy war;
Gracious victor,
Bring thy trophies from afar.

2 Majesty combin'd with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite
To ensure thy blessed conquests;
Take possession of thy right:
Ride triumphant,
Deck'd in robes of purest light.

3 Blest are they that touch thy sceptre,
Blest are all that own thy reign;
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescu'd from its galling chain:
Saints and angels,
All who know thee, bless thy reign.

274. (PSALM xlv. 3.) C. M.

1 JESUS, immortal King, arise!
Assume, assert thy sway,
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride!
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet!

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around;
Till every soul beneath the sun,
Shall hear the joyful sound!

4 Oh may the great Redeemer's name,
Through every clime be known;
And heathen gods, like Dagon, fall,
And Jesus reign alone!

5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be ador'd;
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord!

275. (ISAIAH lviii. 1.) P. M.

1 MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go proclaim among the nations,
Joyful news of heavenly birth:
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 Of his gospel not ashamed,
As 'the power of God to save;'
Go where Christ was never named,
Publish freedom to the slave:
Blessed freedom!
Such as Zion's children have.

3 When expos'd to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend:
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

276. (ISAIAH lviii. 1.) P. M.

1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol,
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save,
And still he is nigh, his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son;
Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore and give him his right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing, and infinite love.

277. (ISAIAH xi. 10.) L. M.

1 CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,
Display thy glorious banner high;
The summons send from coast to coast,
And call a numerous army nigh.

2 A solemn jubilee proclaim,
Proclaim the great sabbatic day:
Assert the glories of thy name,
Spoil Satan of his wish'd-for prey.

3 Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud
The peaceful blessings of thy reign:
And when they speak of sprinkling blood,
The mystery to the heart explain.

278. (ISAIAH lx. 4, 5.) L. M.

1 SHOUT, for the great Redeemer reigns,
Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread:
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their Head.

2 His sons and daughters, from afar,
Daily at Zion's gates arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.

3 Oh may his conquests still increase,
And every foe his power subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories shew.

4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below, and all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

279. (ISAIAH li. 9.) L. M.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
'I am Jehovah, God alone!'
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

4 Arm of the Lord, thy power extend,
Let Mahomet's impostures end;
Break Superstition's Papal chain,
And the proud scoffer's rage restrain!

5 Let Zion's time of favour come!
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home!
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold!

6 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim,
In every clime of every name!
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour *Lord of all!*

280. (ISAIAH lii. 10.)

1 YES! we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand:
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word, in every land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season:
Let us hail the rising ray:
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorious day:
At his presence
Gloom and darkness flee away.

3 While the foe becomes more daring;
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad;
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God,

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world, in every land;
And the idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

281. (ACTS xvi. 9.) P. M.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn,
The Heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high;
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign.

282. (EXOD. XX. 8—11.) L. M.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath bless'd.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

283. (PSALM CXVIII.) C. M.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

284. (PSALM 118.)

1 THE work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes:
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

2 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray;
Let all the church be glad.

3 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood!
Bless him, ye saints! he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

4 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

285. (MATT. xxviii. 1—6.) C. M.

1 BLESS'D morning! whose young dawning [rays
Beheld our rising God:
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode!

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

286. (PSALM 92.) L. M.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Soon shall I share a glorious part
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below:
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

287. (PS. CXVIII. 23. MATT. XXVIII. 1.) L. M

1 HAIL! morning, known among the blest
Morning of hope, and joy, and love;
Of heavenly peace, and holy rest;
Pledge of the endless rest above!

2 Bless'd be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead hath brought his Son!
Hope to the lost was then restor'd,
And everlasting glory won.

3 Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose—unsetting Sun!
The dawn of joy's eternal day!

4 Mercy look'd down with smiling eye,
When our Immanuel left the dead;
Faith mark'd his bright ascent on high,
And hope, with gladness, rais'd her head.

5 God's goodness let us bear in mind,
Who to his saints this day hath given,
For rest and serious joy design'd,
To fit the soul for death and heaven.

6 Descend, O Spirit of the Lord!
Thy fire to every bosom bring;
Then shall our ardent hearts accord,
And teach our lips God's praise to sing.

288. (HEB. iv. 9.) L. M.

1 THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But *sacred, high,* eternal noon.

289. (LUKE xxiv. 36.) S. M.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

290. (PSALM 5.) C. M.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right-hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

291. (PSALM 27.) C. M.

1 THE Lord of Glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide:
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high,
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

292. (PSALM 27.) C. M.

1 ONE thing, with all my soul's desire,
I sought and will pursue;
What thine own Spirit doth inspire,
Lord, for thy servant do.

2 Grant me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat,
For ever to behold thy face,
And worship at thy feet.

3 In thy pavilion to abide,
When storms of trouble blow,
And in thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe.

4 'Seek ye my face!'—without delay,
When thus I hear thee speak,
My heart would leap for joy and say,
'Thy face, Lord, will I seek.'

5 Then leave me not when griefs assail,
And earthly comforts flee;
When father, mother, kindred fail,
My God, remember me.

6 Oft had I fainted, and resign'd
Of every hope my hold;
But mine afflictions brought to mind
Thy benefits of old.

7 Wait on the Lord, with courage wait;
My soul, disdain to fear;
The righteous Judge is at the gate,
And thy redemption near.

293. (PSALM xxvii. 4.) L. M.

1 AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
We see thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high;
And prayer bears a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

4 If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the gospel armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Father! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

294. (PSALM 48.) S. M.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces.

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

295. (PSALM 48.) S. M.

1 FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well:—

4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

296. (PSALM 63.) C. M.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

5 Thus till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

297. (PSALM 63.) L. M.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me bless'd.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties;
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 With early feet I love to appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray and praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

298. (PSALM 63.) S. M.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.

4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

5 In wakeful hours at night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

299. (PSALM 65.) C. M.

RAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
There shall our vows be paid;
u hast an ear when sinners pray;
ll flesh shall seek thine aid.

, our iniquities prevail,
t pardoning grace is thine,
thou wilt grant us power and skill
conquer every sin.

3 Bless'd are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thine house
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

300. (PSALM 84.)

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God:
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Bless'd are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Bless'd are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

5 Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and, through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

301. (PSALM 84.) L. M.

1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thine house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Bless'd is the man that trusts in thee.

302. (PSALM 84.) C. M.

1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

5 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employed in carnal joys.

6 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

7 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one bless'd hour at thy right-hand,
I'd give them both away.

303. (PSALM 84.) P. M.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

4 To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside;

Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

5 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence.
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race,
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

304. (PSALM 84.) P. M.

1 HOW honour'd, how dear, that sacred abode,
Where Christians draw near their Father and God!
'Mid worldly commotion, my wearied soul faints
For the house of devotion, the home of thy saints.

2 The birds have their home; they fix on their nest:
Wherever they roam, they return to their rest:
From them fondly learning, my soul would take wing;
To thee so returning, my God and my King.

3 O happy the choirs who praise thee above!
What joy tunes their lyres! their worship is love:
Yet safe in thy keeping, and happy they be,
In this world of weeping, whose strength is in thee.

4 Though rugged their way, they drink as they go,
Of springs that convey new life as they flow:
The God they rely on, their strength shall renew,
Till each brought to Zion his glory shall view.

5 Thou Hearer of prayer still grant me a place,
Where Christians repair to the courts of thy grace!
More blest beyond measure, one day so employ'd,
Than years of vain pleasure by worldlings enjoy'd.

6 Me more would it please keeping post at thy gate,
Than lying at ease in chambers of state.
The meanest condition outshines, with thy smiles,
The pomp of ambition, the world with its wiles.

7 The Lord is a sun: the Lord is a shield:
What grace has begun, with glory is seal'd.
He hears the distressed; he succours the just:
And they shall be blessed who make him their trust.

305. (PSALM 87.) L. M.

1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were describ'd of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek, and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear,
As one new-born or nourish'd there.

306. (PSALM 92.) L. M.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thine hand:
Let me within thy courts be seen
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Bless'd with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive,)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

307. (PSALM CXVIII. 24.) C. M.

1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest;
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and happy grow:
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who his church hath bought
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to speak the world from naught,
'Twas greater to redeem!

308. (PSALM 100.) C. M.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command!
Vast as eternity thy love!
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

309. (PSALM 100.) L. M.

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King!
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God: 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give:
We are his work and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure:
And the whole race of men shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

310. (PSALM 122.) C. M.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
'In Zion let us all appear,
'And keep the solemn day!'

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church adorn'd with grace
Stands like a palace built for God,
To shew his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants bless'd!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains!
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

311. (PSALM 122.) P. M.

1 HOW pleas'd and bless'd was I
To hear the people cry,
'Come, let us seek our God to-day!'
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He makes the sinner sad,
He bids the saint be glad,
And *humble* souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest!
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
'Peace to this sacred house!'
For there my friends and kindred dwell!
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his bless'd abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

312. (PSALM 132.) C. M.

1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and bless'd.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

313. (PSALM 135.) L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait:
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
People and priests, exalt his name:
Among his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

314. (PSALM 150.) C. M.

1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

315. (JOHN xiv. 21.) L. M.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone!
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel! all divine,
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

316. (JOHN xiv. 23.) L. M.

1 LORD, what a heaven of saving grace!
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

2 When I can say, 'My God is mine!'
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit, and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

5 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land;
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

317. (HEB. xii. 18—24.) C. M.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven!
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever bless'd.

318. (PHIL. iv. 4.) S. M.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas;—

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father, and our love;
He shall send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

6 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

319. (GEN. xxviii. 17.) 8's.

1 LO, God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face!
Who know his power, his grace, who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence, love.

2 Lo, God is here! Him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing:
To him enthron'd above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone;
To thee our will, soul, flesh we give;
O take, O seal them for thine own!
Thou art the God, thou art the Lord!
Be thou by all thy works ador'd.

4 Being of Beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!

320. (JAMES i. 21—25.) C. M.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain!

3 Great God, thy sovereign power impart
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

4 Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

321. (JOHN xv. 7—9.) P. M.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace!
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness,

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

322. (MATT. xxvi. 27, 28.) C. M.

1 'THE promise of my Father's love
'Shall stand for ever good;'—
He said; and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal the engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 Thy light, and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

5 Sweet is the memory of his name,
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

323. (1 PET. i. 18, 19.) C. M.

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murmuring word.

3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

324. (1 JOHN v. 6.) S. M.

1 LET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son
To fetch us strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, the Ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!

3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.

4 My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purified,
And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

6 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.

7 Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness to my heart.

325. (1 COR. i. 23, 24.) L. M.

1 NATURE, with open volume, stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad:
And every labour of his hands
Shews something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here on the cross 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove
Which of the letters best is writ,
The power, the wisdom, or the love.

4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and justice strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.

5 O the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour lov'd and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

6 I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

326. (LUKE xiv. 16—24.) L. M.

1 WE are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nig
But at the gospel call we came,
And every want receiv'd supply.

2 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.

3 What shall we pay the eternal Son,
Who left the heaven of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wanderers back to God!

4 It cost him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

5 Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;
And pitied rebels when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.

327. (LUKE xiv. 16—24.) C. M.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 While all our hearts with all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue
'Lord, why was I a guest!

3 'Why was I made to hear thy voice,
'And enter while there's room;
'When thousands make a wretched choice,
'*And rather* starve than come?'

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in;
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

328. (MATT. xxvi. 38.) C. M.

1 IN lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of Love;
Each of us hopes, he died for me,
And then our griefs remove.

2 His soul, what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew!
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too.

3 But the divinity within
Supported him to bear:
Dying he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.

4 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day:
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
Can equal thanks repay.

5 Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise;
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

329. (1 COR. xi. 26.) L. M.

1 AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood like wine adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause:
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

330. (2 COR. v. 14, 15.) L. M.

1 OUR spirits join to adore the Lamb:
Oh that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!

2 Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of Heaven resigns his breath,
And *pours his life out on the ground,*
To ransom guilty worms from death.

3 The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more:
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.

4 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
And heal'd our wounds with heavenly blood!
Bless'd fountain! springing from the veins
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.

5 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

331. (ROM. vi. 10, 11.) C. M.

1 SITTING around our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds her dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.

2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise:
The sinner views the atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Procure us heavenly crowns;
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,
Our healing from thy wounds.

4 Oh 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal sufferings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

332. (1 COR. xi. 24, 25.) C. M.

1 REMEMBER Thee! remember Christ
While memory holds her place,
Can we forget the Lord of Life,
Who saves us by his grace?

2 The Lord of Life, with glory crown'd,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Forgets not those for whom, on earth,
He heav'd his dying groan.

3 The promis'd joy he then obtain'd,
When he ascended hence;
Up from the grave, to God's right hand,
A Saviour and a Prince!

4 His glory now, no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell:
Yet still the chief of all his joys,
That souls are sav'd from hell.

5 For this he came and dwelt on earth;
For this his life was given;
For this he fought and vanquish'd death,
For this he pleads in heaven.

6 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
Who died that you might live.

333. (1 COR. vi. 20.) 7's.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done.

Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive:
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

3 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will:
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do:
Take my heart—but make it new.

4 Now, my God, thine own I am!
Now I give thee back thine own,
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still, if thine I die!

5 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

334. (GEN xvii. 7. MARK x. 14.) C. M.

1 HOW large the promise! how divine!
To Abra'm and his seed!
'*I'll be* a God to thee and thine,
'*Supplying* all their need.'

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor, from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

335. (GEN. xvii. 7. ACTS xvi. 14, 15.)

1 THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
'I'll be a God to thee;
'I'll bless thy numerous race, and they
'Shall be a seed for me.'

2 Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his sons to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal'd with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King!
Thine ancient truth embrace;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim thy grace.

336. (MARK X. 14.) C. M.

1 SINCE thou art pleas'd thy saints to own,
O Lord, their children bless;
This institution do thou crown
With tokens of thy grace.

2 Jesus, we raise our souls to thee,
Thy powerful Spirit breathe;
And let this little infant be
Baptiz'd into thy death.

3 O let thy unction on *him* rest!
Thy grace *his* soul renew;
And write within *his* tender breast,
Thy name, and nature too.

4 If thou shouldst quickly end *his* days,
His place with thee prepare;
Or, if thou lengthen out *his* race,
Continue still thy care.

5 Thy faithful servant may *he* prove,
Girded with truth divine;
A sharer in thy dying love,
A follower of thine.

337. (MATT. xxviii. 18—20.) L. M.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honour the means enjoin'd by Thee;
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

2 We now thy promis'd presence claim,
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Sent to baptize into thy name,
We now thy promis'd presence find.

3 Father, in these reveal thy Son,
In these for whom we seek thy face;
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

4 Jesus, with us thou always art,
Establish now the sacred sign,
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless thine ordinance divine.

5 Spirit divine, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

338. (1 SAM. i. 27, 28.)

1 FATHER of all, whose sovereign will
Hath call'd thy servant to fulfil
The tender parent's part;
With gifts and graces from above
With calmest care, and wisest love,
Instruct my simple heart.

2 Oh! may I every moment see,
The end for which alone to me,
Thou hast my children given;
A blessed instrument divine,
Through thee to make, and keep them thine,
And train them up for heaven.

3 My first concern their souls to rear,
And, principled with godly fear,
In virtue's paths to lead;
The hunger after thee to excite,
And stir them up, with all their might,
To seek the living bread.

4 Thou, Lord, my every wish prevent;
And guard whom thou to me hast lent,
And guide them by thine eye;
Convert, or to thyself receive,
And let them to thy glory live,
Or else securely die!

339. (PSALM 78.) C. M.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down,
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

340. (EPH. vi. 4.) 8's.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry;
The good desir'd and wanted most,
Out of thy richest grace supply!
The sacred discipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindness both of heart and mind;
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind;
In knowledge pure their minds renew,
And store with thoughts divinely true.

3 Father, accept them through thy Son,
And ever by thy Spirit guide!
Thy wisdom in their lives be shewn,
Thy name confess'd and glorified;
Thy power and love diffus'd abroad,
Till all the earth is fill'd with God.

341. (MARK X. 14.) C. M.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 'Permit them to approach,' he cries,
'Nor scorn their humble name;
'For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
'The Lord of angels came.'

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear:
Ye children, seek his face;
And fly with transports to receive
The blessings of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

342. (JOHN i. 13.) C. M.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quicken'd souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

343. (PSALM LI.) L. M.

1 O THOU, that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light;
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

344. (PSALM 51.) C. M.

1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain,
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise;
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

345. (PSALM 51.) L. M.

1 SHEW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

3 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy wo
Would light on some sweet promise there
Some sure support against despair.

346. (JOB ix. 2—10.) C. M.

1 HOW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts,
I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise:
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war?

4 He bids the sun forbear to rise,
The obedient sun forbears;
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

5 He walks upon the stormy sea,
Flies on the stormy wind:
There's none can trace his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.

347. (JER. xxxi. 18, 19.) S. M.

1 IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men;
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

348. (Rom. ii. 4.) C. M.

1 AND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell.

2 Almighty goodness cries, 'Forbear!'
And straight the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

3 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our sin;
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

4 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
And drive thy foes away.

349. (John xix. 34—37.) C. M.

1 INFINITE grief! amazing woe!
Behold my bleeding Lord!
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.

2 Oh the sharp pangs of smarting pain,
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips and ragged thorns
His sacred body tore!

3 But knotty whips and ragged thorns
In vain do I accuse;
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.

4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

5 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled woe.

350. (LUKE xviii. 9—14.)

1 BEHOLD how sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee!
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their different language knows,
And different answers he bestows;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
While on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father! let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

351. (LUKE xv. 7, 10.)

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise,
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born!

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

352. (AMOS iv. 12.) P. M.

1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry:
A half-awaken'd child of man;
An heir of endless bliss or pain;
A sinner born to die!

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Then, Saviour, then, my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above:
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

353. (PHIL. iii. 7—9.) L. M.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

354. (GAL. v. 6.) L. M.

1 MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pardoning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

355. (HEB. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.) C. M.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home;
Of things a thousand years ago,
A thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by the eternal hands:
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

356. (2 COR. v. 7.) L. M.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

357. (PSALM 32.) S. M.

1 O BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely bless'd, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more!

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall *prove* their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

358. (PSALM 32.) L. M.

1 BLESS'D is the man, for ever bless'd,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God;
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Bless'd is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace, relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness,
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and shines.

359. (TIT. iii. 3—7.) C. M.

1 LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But O, my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sovereign grace,
Abounding through his Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

5 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew;
And justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

360. (1 COR. i. 30.) L. M.

1 BURIED in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, 'the Lord our righteousness.'

3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin;
His Spirit makes our nature clean;
Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
At *once to* cleanse and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains:
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

361. (EPH. V. 8.) S. M.

1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven,
But, in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

362. (ROM. viii. 33—39.) L. M.

1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead;
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath lov'd us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour;
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

363. (ISAIAH lxi. 10.) C. M.

1 AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice:
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great Sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

364. (ISAIAH lxi. 10.) L. M.

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When, from the dust of death, I rise
To take my mansion in the skies;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
'*Jesus hath* liv'd and died for me.'

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully through thee, absolv'd I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim!
Sinners—of whom the chief I am.

5 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years:
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

365. (ROM. iii. 19—22.) C. M.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

366. (Rom. v. 1.)

1 HAPPY soul, whom Jesus loves,
Freely loves and justifies!
Jesus all his griefs removes,
Jesus all his wants supplies:
With celestial manna feeds,
(Manna to the world unknown,)
By the silent waters leads
Up to an eternal throne.

2 Saviour, speak the blessing ours,
(Peace thy gracious word imparts,)
Bid us taste the heavenly powers,
Stamp the pardon on our hearts:
Wait our longing hearts on thee,
Till thou shed thy love abroad,
Give the glorious liberty,
Wash us in thy hallowing blood.

367. (1 John iii. 1.)

1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made:
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall 'Abba, Father,' cry:
And thou the kindred own.

368. (1 JOHN iii. 1—3.) 7's.

1 BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:
With them number'd may we be,
Now and through eternity!

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them, &c.

3 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness:
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure word remains within:
With them, &c.

4 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood:
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
With them, &c.

5 They alone are truly blest—
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ;
They with love and peace are fill'd;
They are, by his Spirit, seal'd:
With them number'd may we be,
Now and through eternity!

369. (1 JOHN v. 12.) C. M.

1 O HAPPY Christian, who can boast,
'The Son of God is mine:'
Happy, though humbled in the dust,
Rich in this gift divine.

2 He lives the life of heaven below,
And shall for ever live;
Eternal streams from Christ shall flow,
And endless vigour give.

3 That life we ask with bended knee,
Nor will the Lord deny;
Nor will celestial mercy see
Its humble suppliants die.

4 That life obtain'd, for praise alone
We wish continued breath;
And, taught by blest experience, own,
That praise can live in death.

370. (GAL. ii. 20.) C. M.

1 MY Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on thee,
Its Saviour, and its God.

2 By hourly faith in thee I live,
'Midst all my griefs and snares;
And death, encounter'd in thy sight,
No form of horror wears.

3 On thy dear cross I fix mine eyes,
Then raise them to thy seat;
Till love dissolves my inmost soul
At its Redeemer's feet.

4 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms;
Be dead to every sin:
And tell the boldest foes without,
That Jesus reigns within.

5 My life with his connected stands,
Nor asks a surer ground;
He keeps me in his gracious arms,
Where heaven itself is found.

371. (1 cor. vi. 17.) 8's.

1 JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:
'Strange fire' far from my heart remove,
My every act, word, thought, be love.

2 O that I, as a little child,
May follow thee, and never rest,
Till fully thou hast breath'd thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast;
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become one spirit with thee.

3 Still let thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray:
Direct my work, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that thou art near.

4 In suffering be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my power!
And when the storm of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life, be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

372. (ISAIAH xl. 29.) L. M.

1 SON of God, thy blessing grant,
Still supply my every want!
Tree of life, thine influence shed,
With thy sap my spirit feed!

2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I;
Without thee I fade and die;
Weak as helpless infancy;—
O confirm my soul in thee!

3 Unsustain'd by thee, I fall;
Send the strength for which I call!
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend,
Love me, save me, to the end!
Give me the continuing grace—
Take the everlasting praise!

373. (EPH. iii. 16—21.) L. M.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.

2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

374. (1 PET. i. 8.) 8's.

1 MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name:
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ;
To feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeem'd, with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his blest presence to dwell;
To shine with the angels of light;
With saints, and with seraphs to sing;
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

3 My glorious Redeemer! I long
To see thee descend on the cloud,
Amidst the bright, numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd:
Oh! when wilt thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy praises above,—
To gaze on thee, world without end,
And feast on thy heavenly love!

375. (JOHN i. 29.) P. M.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace, possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
May we sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops, our souls bedewing,
Plead and claim our peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is this station
Low before his cross to lie,
While we see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye:
Here it is we find our heaven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze:
Love we much? we've much forgiven,
We are miracles of grace.

3 Love and grief our hearts dividing,
Call for tears his feet to bathe,
Keep us still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May we still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go,
Prove his blood each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

376. (1 PET. i. 8.) S. M.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

377. (2 TIM. i. 6.) L. M.

1 O THOU, who camest from above,
The pure, celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There, let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And ever to its source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me:

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

378. (ACTS xiii. 26.) C. M.

1 AND why do our admiring eyes
These gospel glories see?
And whence, doth every heart reply,
Salvation sent to me?

2 And dost thou, Lord, subdue my heart,
And shew my sins forgiven,
And bear thy witness to my part
Among the heirs of heaven?

3 As the redeemed of the Lord,
We'll sing the Saviour's name;
And while the long salvation lasts,
Its sovereign grace proclaim.

379. (1 SAM. vii. 12.) 8's. & 7's.

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

380. (1 COR. xiii. 13.) C. M.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

381. (1 PET. i. 8.) C. M.

1 THOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope
My fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray,
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

382. (JOHN xxi. 15.) C. M.

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord!
But Oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

383. (JOHN xxi. 15.) 7's.

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 When I turn mine eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild:
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

3 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you?

4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

5 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

6 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

7 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

384. (Acts iv. 12.)

1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if thou art mine:
And, lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy Name.

2 Thy mighty Name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love:
To me, with thy dear Name are given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart,
In war my peace,—in loss my gain:
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown.

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light, in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
Deliverer from the depths of hell.

385. (HEB. iv. 9.) C. M.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art lov'd alone.

2 Oh that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
My Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

3 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

1 JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid;
Opprest by sins, I lift mine eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid:
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stay'd.

3 Whate'er in me seems wise or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim:
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my Strength, my Life, my Rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summon'd to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

387. (JOHN xiv. 6.) S. M.

1 JESUS, my truth, my way,

3 Still let thy Spirit, Lord,
Soon as the foe comes in,
His instantaneous help afford,
And stem the tide of sin.

4 May I from every sin,
As from a serpent, fly;
Abhor to touch the thing unclean,
And rather choose to die.

5 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

6 My soul to thee alone
I therefore now commend:
Thou, Jesus, having lov'd thine own,
Wilt love me to the end.

388. (1 JOHN v. 6.)

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power!

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone!

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Black, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath—
When my eye-strings break in death—
When I soar to worlds unknown—
See thee on thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

389. (LUKE X. 42.) L. M.

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
To fix on Mary's better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear;
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

390. (ISAIAH xxvi. 1—4.) C. M.

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

3 The city of my blest abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

4 Arise, my soul! awake, my voice!
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

391. (TITUS ii. 10.) L. M.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour-God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

392. (PSALM li. 10.) C. M.

1 OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood,
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part,
From him that dwells within.

4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.

393. (1 COR. vi. 10, 11.) C. M.

1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor slanderers, shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace! and such were we
By nature and by sin;
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We're pardon'd through his name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctified our frame.

4 Oh for a persevering power
To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

394. (MARK X. 15.)

1 LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my Master, be
Rooted in humility,

2 Simple, teachable, and mild;
Chang'd into a little child:
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides;
Wean'd from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,—
Happy in thy precious love.

395. (ACTS XXIV. 16.) C. M.

1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.

3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

4 O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul!
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

396. (Rom. vi. 1—6.) s. m.

1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

397. (2 Cor. v. 17.) c. m.

1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories shew;
'Behold, I sit upon my throne,
'Creating all things new.'

2 Mighty Redeemer! set me free
From my old state of sin;
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new powers within.

3 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

4 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world that grace has made
I would for ever dwell.

398. (2 COR. v. 14, 15.) 7's.

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live;
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be!

2 Fix, O fix my wavering mind!
To thy cross my spirit bind:
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

3 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine!
Praise by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth and hosts of heaven.

399. (JOHN xiv. 20—23.) 8's & 7's.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down!
Fix us in thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart!

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

400. (PSALM XXXVI. 9.)

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun:
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
To embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

401. (PSALM lxxiii. 25.) C. M.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love!
My everlasting all!
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 To thee we owe our wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

3 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compar'd to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

4 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

402. (PSALM lxxiii. 25.) S. M.

1 MY God, my life, my love!
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

5 Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

403. (PSALM lxxiii. 25.) 8's.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows:
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee!
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
Oh when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Jesus tend!

3 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

4 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live:
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive:
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek but thee.

5 O Lord, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care!
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there!
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry.

6 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
'I am thy Love, thy God, thy all!'
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

404. (HEB. iii. 12.) C. M.

1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The Saviour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.

6 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.

405. (1 JOHN ii. 15—17.) C. M.

1 WHEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too!

2 God is my all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice:
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my powers rejoice.

3 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.

406. (PSALM iv. 6, 7.) L. M.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulph of black despair;
And while I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of the dark abyss;
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes,
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There from the fountain of my God
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

407. (PSALM iv. 6.)

1 I CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord,
My life expires if thou depart;
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.

2 I was not born for earth and sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heaven awhile.

3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath,
And with a smile upon my face
Pass the important hour of death.

408. (PSALM 17.) L. M.

1 WHAT sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O bless'd abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

409. (MATT. vi. 6.) L. M.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven and there my God I find.

410. (JOHN i. 48.) C. M.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy kind bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 Author and Guardian of my life,
Thou Source of light divine;
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour, thou art mine!

411. (HEB. xi. 27.) L. M.

1 UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of the eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be!
How despicable to mine eyes!

3 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

4 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave;
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

5 Great All in All, Eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

412. (1 PET. ii. 2.) C. M.

1 AS new-born babes desire the breast,
To feed, and grow, and thrive,
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.

2 Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest powers they have
His sweet commands fulfil.

3 They find access at every hour,
To God within the veil:
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

4 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.

5 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

6 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say, *My Father God,*
With an unwavering tongue.

413. (JOHN xvii. 24.) C. M.

1 NO, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss,
For bliss can ne'er be found;
Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread the heavenly ground.

2 There's nothing round these spacious skies,
Or round this dusky clod,
Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lasting as thy God.

3 'Tis heaven on earth, to taste his love,
To feel his quickening grace;
And all the heaven I hope above,
Is but to see his face.

414. (NEH. viii. 10.) C. M.

1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow,
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine.

5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

415. (EXOD. xxxiii. 18—23.) 6's.

1 O GOD, my hope, my heavenly rest,
My all of happiness below,
Grant my importunate request,
To me, to me thy goodness show!
Thy beatific face display,
The brightness of eternal day.

2 Before my faith's enlighten'd eyes,
Make all thy gracious goodness pass;
Thy goodness is the sight I prize;
O might I see thy smiling face!
Thy nature in my soul proclaim,
Reveal thy love, thy glorious name!

3 O put me in the cleft; empower
My soul the glorious sight to bear!
Descend in this accepted hour;
Pass by me, and thy name declare;
Thy wrath withdraw, thy hand remove,
And shew thyself the God of love.

416. (PSALM xviii. 1.)

1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone:
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with strong desire!

2 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart pure, hallow'd fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

3 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
Or smile, or thy sceptre, or thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day!

417. (EPH. iii. 18, 19.)

1 O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ so free!

2 Stronger his love than death and hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

418. (GEN. v. 24.) C. M.

1 OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return!
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

419. (PSALM xxvii. 8.) S. M.

1 TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care:
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek:
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see!
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

420. (PHIL. i. 22.) L. M.

1 MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live;
To him, who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

421. (PSALM 116.) C. M.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shewn?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

422. (LUKE ix. 23.) 8's.

1 MASTER, I own thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be!
Thou seest, at last, I willing am,
Where'er thou goest, to follow thee!
Myself in all things to deny;
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

2 All power is thine in earth and heaven;
All fulness dwells in thee alone;
Whate'er I have was freely given;
Nothing but sin I call my own;
Other propriety disclaim—
Thou only art the great I AM.

3 Wherefore to thee I all resign:—
Being thou art, and love, and power:
Thy only will be done, not mine!
Thee, Lord, let heaven and earth adore!
Flow back the rivers to the sea,
And let our all be lost in thee!

423. (ROM. xii. 1.) 7's.

1 GOD of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pardoning love compell'd,
Up to thee our souls we raise,
Up to thee our bodies yield.

2 Thou our sacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son;
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

3 Meet it is, and just and right,
That we should be wholly thine;
In thine only will delight,
In thy blessed service join.

4 Oh that every work and word
Might proclaim how good thou art!
'Holiness unto the Lord,'
Still be wrote on every heart!

424. (ROM. xii. 1.) S. M.

1 AND will the eternal King,
So mean a gift reward?
That offering, Lord, with joy we bring
Which thine own hand prepared.

2 We own thy various claims,
And to thine altar move,
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.

3 Descend, celestial fire,
The sacrifice inflame;
So shall a grateful odour rise
Through our Redeemer's name.

425. (1 cor. x. 31.)

1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolv'd to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task thy wisdom has assign'd,
O let me cheerfully fulfil!
In all thy works thy presence find,
And prove thine acceptable will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear the easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day:

5 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

426. (ROM. vi. 17.) C. M.

1 GREAT God, create my soul anew,
Conform my will to thine;
Melt down my heart, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

2 Seize my whole frame into thy hand;
Here all my powers I bring;
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern every spring.

3 O may my feet no more depart,
Nor wandering senses rove;
Nor let my unbelieving heart
Arraign the God I love!

427. (PHIL. ii. 13.) C. M.

1 NO strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright;
And what she has, she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.

2 How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success.

3 Then, to abstain from outward sin,
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its power within,
I feel I hate it too.

4 Then all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

5 What shall I do, was then the word,
That I may worthier grow?
What shall I render to the Lord?
Is my inquiry now.

6 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

428. (PSALM 25.) S. M.

1 WHERE shall the man be found
That fears to offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his covenant shew,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still
With such as to his covenant stand,
And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face;
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

429. (MATT. V. 2—12.) L. M.

1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise, and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed,
With living streams and living bread.

5 Blest are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling powers of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Blest are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

430. (ISA. xl. 28—31.) L. M.

1 AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint:—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

431. (PHIL. iii 12—14.) C. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's own animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour! introduc'd by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crown'd with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

432. (PSALM cxliv. 1.) S. M.

1 EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart, prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 Controul my every thought;
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O may I love like thee;
In all thy footsteps tread!
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

4 O may I learn the art
With meekness to reprove,
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

433. (JOHN xiv. 2.) 8's.

1 AND art thou, gracious Master, gone,
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
And there for ever sit with thee?

Then let the world approve or blame,
I'll triumph in thy glorious name.

2 Should I, to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its harmless frown,
Refuse to countenance thy cause,
And make thy people's lot my own?
What shame would fill me in that day,
When thou thy glory wilt display!

3 No! let the world cast out my name,
And vile account me if they will:
If to confess the Lord be shame,
I purpose to be viler still.
For thee, my God, I all resign,
Content if I can call thee mine.

4 What transport then shall fill my heart,
When thou my worthless name wilt own;
When I shall see thee as thou art,
And know as I myself am known!
From sin and fear and sorrow free,
My soul shall find its rest in thee.

434. (2 TIM. i. 12.)

1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

435. (MARK viii. 38.) L. M.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee?
Scorn'd be the thought, by rich and poor,
O may I scorn it more and more!

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight blush to think of noon.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! of that Friend
On whom my heavenly hopes depend!
It must not be—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may
When I've no crimes to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
No fears to quell, nor soul to save.

5 Till then (nor is the boasting vain)
Till then, I'll boast a Saviour slain:
And, Oh! may this my portion be,
That Saviour's not asham'd of me.

436. (EPHES. vi. 10, 11.) L. M.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 What though thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

4 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

5 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

437. (2 TIM. ii. 12.) C. M.

1 ARE we the soldiers of the cross?
The followers of the Lamb?
And shall we fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Now must we fight, if we would reign;
Increase our courage, Lord!
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

3 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they are slain,
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.

4 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

438. (2 COR. xii. 9, 10.) L. M.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
'Strength shall be equal to thy day;'
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

439. (PSALM 144.) C. M.

1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me in the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise:
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

440. (PSALM 18.) L. M.

1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode:
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives, (and blessed be my Rock!)
The God of my salvation lives;
The dark designs of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

441. (EPHES. vi. 10—18.) C. M.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;
Strong is the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is *more* than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 Stand, then, against your foes,
In close and firm array:
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day.

5 But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

6 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

7 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

8 To God your every want
In instant prayer display:
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing, pray.

442. (EXOD. xiv. 13.) 8's & 7's.

1 WHEN we pass through yonder river,
When we reach the further shore;
There's an end of war for ever,
We shall see our foes no more:
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Follow'd by eternal peace.

2 Oh that hope! how bright! how glorious!
'Tis his people's blest reward;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord:
In his kingdom they shall rest,
In his love be fully blest.

443. (NEH. xiii. 31.)

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 Whene'er on my poor burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love remember me.

3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;
O give me strength, Lord, as my day,
For good remember me.

4 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

5 The hour is near, consign'd to death;
I own the just decree;
Saviour! with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, remember me.

444. (PSALM 46.)

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God:
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode:

3 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

4 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.

445. (PSALM 61.) S. M.

1 WHEN overwhelm'd with grief
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide:
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

446. (ISAIAH xl. 27—31.) C. M.

1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot the Almighty name
That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

4 The saints shall mount on eagle's wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

447. (PSALM 27.) C. M.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
'Ye children, seek my grace,'
My heart replied, without delay,
'I'll seek my Father's face.'

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want, or die;
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd,
To see thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

448. (ISAIAH xxvi. 4.) C. M.

1 HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give Him all.

449. (ISAIAH xlix. 13—16.) C. M.

1 NOW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

2 God on his thirsty Zion-hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To shower salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicions, and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And, 'mong a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no room?

5 'Yet,' saith the Lord, 'should nature change,
'And mothers monsters prove,
'Zion still dwells upon the heart
'Of everlasting love:

6 'Deep on the palms of both my hands
'I have engrav'd her name;
'My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
'And build her broken frame.'

450. (HEB. vi. 17, 18.) L. M.

1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies:
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

451. (HEB. vi. 17, 18.) C. M.

1 IN every trouble, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name!
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

452. (PSALM 73.) C. M.

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near;
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint;
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Then to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

453. (PSALM 71.) C. M.

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glories shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

4 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

454. (PSALM 71.)

1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The Guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God my strength depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

5 When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care:
These withering limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

455. (HEB. xii. 6.)

1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love,
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above?

3 How short are all my sufferings here!
How needful every cross!
Away, my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain, my loss!

4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name;
My Jesus yesterday, to-day,
For ever, is the same.

461. (HEB. xii. 7.) C. M.

1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, 'My Father, God!'
Lord! at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 'My Father!'—O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart
In my Redeemer's name.

462. (2 SAM. xxiii. 5.) C. M.

1 MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become;
Jesus my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home;—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant, in the darkest gloom,
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when my eye-lids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

463. (HAB. iii. 17, 18.) C. M.

1 WHAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labour of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply:

2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine reign in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be:

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy;
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

464. (PHIL. iv. 6, 7.) C. M.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 'Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
'From every murmur free;
'The blessings of thy grace impart,
'And make me live to thee.

3 'Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
'My life and death attend;
'Thy presence through my journey shine,
'And crown my journey's end!'

465. (ACTS xxi. 14.) C. M.

1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way—
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!

5 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

466. (1 SAM. iii. 18.)

1 IT is the Lord—enthron'd in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—who gives me all,
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

3 It is the Lord—my cov'nant God,
Thrice blessed be his name!
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.

4 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious God! take what thou please,
To thee I all resign.

467. (PSALM xxxi. 15.)

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand,—
All events at thy command.

2 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief:

3 Times the tempter's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's love:
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

4 Thee, at all times, will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess;
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee?

468. (PSALM xlii. 7—11.) C. M.

1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys,
Can reinstate my peace;
And he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid that tempest cease.

3 In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count his mercies o'er;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

4 When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And press'd on every side,
The Lord has still sustain'd my steps,
And still has been my Guide.

ere will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God!

469. (1 cor. iii. 21.) L. M.

HOW vast the treasure we possess!
How rich thy bounty, King of grace!
This world is ours, and worlds to come;
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

All things are ours, the gifts of God,
The purchase of a Saviour's blood;
While the good Spirit shews us how
To use and to improve them too.

If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise;
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.

Father, I wait thy daily will;
Thou shalt divide my portion still:
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

470. (rom. xiv. 7, 8.) L. M.

AWAKE, my zeal, awake, my love,
To serve my Saviour here below,
In works which perfect saints above,
And holy angels, cannot do.

Awake, my charity, to feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor;
In heaven are found no sons of need,
There all these duties are no more.

3 Subdue thy passions, O my soul!
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue;
Daily thy rising sins control,
And be thy victories ever new.

4 The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no foes to encounter there;
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.

471. (PSALM 112.) C. M.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-establish'd mind;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To shew the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

472. (LUKE X. 30—37.) C. M.

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying men,
When thron'd above the skies,
And 'midst the embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

473. (MATT. XXV. 40.) C. M.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
And visited, and cheer'd;
And, in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
I in thy poor would see;
O rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

474. (LUKE xii. 33.) C. M.

1 THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade!
How swift they pass away!
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.

2 The bags are rent, the treasures lost,
We fondly call'd our own:
Scarce could we the possession boast,
And straight we found it gone.

3 But there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasure beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

4 To that my rising heart aspires,
Secure to find its rest,
And glories in such wide desires
Of all their wish possess'd.

5 The mite my willing hands do give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And heaven at large repay.

475. (Jos. xiv. 1, 2.)

1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod:
For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the Throne of Love.

2 O Jesus! full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms, and take me in!
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more!
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

4 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now;
Fill my whole soul with filial fears;
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow;
Bend by thy grace, O bend or break,
The iron sinew in my neck.

5 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant and root it deep within,
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare to offend thee more.

476. (EZEK. xxxiv. 15, 16.)

1 JESUS, seek thy wandering sheep;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep:
Take on thee my every care;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear.

2 Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice;
More and more of thee receive;
Ever in thy Spirit live:—

3 Live, till all thy life I know,
Perfect like my Lord below:
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gather'd to the fold above.

4 O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at thy right hand;
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by thee to heaven!

477. (LUKE xxii. 61.)

1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep.
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I would myself bemoan: Turn, &c.

3 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was clos'd, that we might live;
'Father,' (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasp'd) 'forgive!'
Surely, with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, 'Tis done!'
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone!

478. (JUDE 24, 25.) S. M.

1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

479. (ROM. viii. 38, 39.) 8's.

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring.
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is yea and amen,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below or above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Imprest on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

480. (COL. iii. 3, 4.) C. M.

1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm;
Your life is hid with Christ, in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Though sometimes unperceiv'd by sense,
Faith sees him always near;
A guide, a glory, a defence;
Then what have you to fear?

5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumph'd once for you;
So surely you that love his name,
Shall triumph in him too.

481. (JOHN x. 28, 29.) C. M.

1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep:
All that his heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His favourites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

482. (1 PET. i. 5.)

1 LEAST of all thy mercies, we,
Father, thy salvation see;
As by heavenly manna fed,
Through a world of dangers led;
Through a wilderness of cares,
Through a thousand, thousand snares,
More than now our hearts conceive;
More than we can know, and live!

2 Jesus' name, in Satan's hour,
Stands our adamantine tower:
Jesus doth his own defend,
Love and save us to the end:
Love shall make us persevere
Till our conquering Lord appear;
Bear us to our throne above,
Crown us with his heavenly love.

483. (PSALM 39.) C. M.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 What should I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

5 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

484. (PSALM 90.) C. M.

1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
'Return, ye sons of men:'
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

485. (PSALM 90.)

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

486. (PSALM 90.)

1 LIFE like a vain amusement flies,
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

2 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

3 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

4 Our souls would learn the heavenly art
To improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

487. (GEN. xlvii. 9.) C. M.

1 OUR days, alas! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too;
'Evil and few,' the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That heaven allows to men;
And pains and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

488. (PSALM xxxix. 4.) C. M.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame—
What dying worms are we!

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

4 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And, if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

489. (ISAIAH xl. 6, 7.) C. M.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to the Almighty name,
That rear'd us from the dust.

490. (1 cor. vii. 29.) c. m.

1 TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste;
That we can never say, 'they're here,'
But only say, 'they're past.'

3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.

4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.

5 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.

6 His goodness runs an endless round,
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound,
And be his name ador'd.

7 Thus we begin the lasting song,
And, when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

491. (2 COR. V. 1, 5—8.) C. M.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis He by his almighty grace
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we would rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

492. (JAMES iv. 14.)

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

493. (JAMES iv. 13—15.) S. M.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sovereign hand;
And if the sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 One thing demands our care,
O be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

4 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

494. (PHIL. iii. 20, 21.) S. M.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

495. (JOB xix. 25—27.)

1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives;
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And Death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He clothes them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thine unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

496. (1 COR. XV. 55—57.) C. M.

1 O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours;
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
'Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
'And where the monster's sting?'

3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

497. (REV. xiv. 13.) C. M.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sin releas'd,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

498. (LUKE ii. 27—32.) C. M.

1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our joys the same!

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When, fondly in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the holy Child!

3 'Now I can leave this world!' he cried,
'Behold thy servant dies;
'I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
'And close my peaceful eyes.

4 'This is the Light prepar'd to shine
'Upon the Gentile lands;
'Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
'To break their slavish bands.'

5 Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.

499. (REV. xiv. 13.) C. M.

1 MY soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 Oh, could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

3 Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

4 How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters and this load!
And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God.

5 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

500. (1 cor. xiii. 12.)

1 DO flesh and nature dread to die,
And timorous thoughts our minds enslave?
Yet grace can raise our hopes on high,
And quell the terrors of the grave.

2 What! shall we run to gain the crown,
Yet grieve to think the goal so near?
Afraid to have our labours done,
And finish this important war?

3 Do we not dwell in clouds below,
And little know the God we love?
Why should we like this twilight so,
When 'tis all noon in worlds above?

4 There shall we see him face to face!
There shall we know the great Unknown!
And Jesus, with his glorious grace,
Shines in full light amidst the throne!

5 'Tis best, 'tis infinitely best,
To go where tempters cannot come,
Where saints and angels, ever blest,
Dwell, and enjoy their heavenly home.

501. (rev. i. 17, 18.)

1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

502. (2 COR. v. 8.) L. M.

1 ABSENT from flesh! Oh blissful thought!
What unknown joys that moment brings!
Freed from the mischiefs sin hath wrought,
From pains, and tears, and all their springs!

2 Absent from flesh! illustrious day!
Surprising scene! triumphant stroke,
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke!

3 Absent from flesh! then rise my soul,
Where feet or wings could never climb,
Beyond the heavens where planets roll,
Measuring the cares and joys of time!

4 I go where God and glory shine:
His presence makes eternal day:
My all that's mortal I resign,
For Jesus waits and points my way!

503. (ISAIAH lx. 20.) C. M.

1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

504. (GEN. xlix. 33.) L. M.

1 SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I soon shall gather up my feet:
Shall soon resign this mortal breath,
And die, my fathers' God to meet.

2 Number'd among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see:
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me!

3 Oh that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive;
My body, with my charge, lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!

4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
And certify that thou art mine!
My spirit calm and undismay'd,
I shall into thy hands resign.

5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers;
My light, my life, my God is come,
And glory in his face appears!

505. (PHIL. i. 21.) 7s.

1 CHRIST—of all my hopes the ground,
Christ—the spring of all my joy,
Still in thee may I be found,
Still for thee my powers employ!

2 Let thy love my heart inflame;
Keep thy fear before my sight;
Be thy praise my highest aim;
Be thy smile my chief delight.

3 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it 'Christ to live!'

4 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

5 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from thee my ravish'd soul.

6 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it, 'Christ to live,'
Let me know it 'gain to die.'

7 Gain, to part from all my grief—
Gain, to bid my sins farewell—
Gain—of all my gains the chief—
Ever with the Lord to dwell!

8 This thy people's favour'd lot,
Peace on earth, and bliss on high;—
This the heritage they've got,
'Christ to live, and gain to die!'

506. (ISAIAH XXXV. 10.) L. M.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror cloth'd, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.

2 As in the ancient days, appear!
The sacred annals speak thy fame;
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shorten'd now;
It wants not now the power to save:
Still present with thy people, thou
Bear'st them through life's disparted wave.

4 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransom'd seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care:
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

6 Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crown'd,
And fill'd with love, and lost in praise.

507. (LUKE xxiv. 29.) P. M.

1 THE day is far spent, the evening is nigh;
When we must lay down the body and die;
Great God, we surrender our dust to thy care,
But Oh! for the summons our spirit prepare.

2 The hours that remain, Oh, with us abide,
And in the dark vale of death be our guide;
Through life's weary journey thou still hast been near,
And in our last moments, Lord, for us appear!

3 We die to obtain a seat with the blest,
A freedom from pain, a mansion of rest;
We see, not regretting, the shadows arise,
The sun of life setting, and night on the skies.

4 Tho' rayless the night, tho' starless the skies,
Extinguish'd all light, and death on our eyes;
An unclouded morning shall rise on the tomb,
Before whose bright dawning shall vanish its gloom.

5 O day long foretold! when wilt thou appear?
Thy approach we behold with hope and with fear!
O righteous Judge, spare us, from sin set us free,
And daily prepare us to stand before Thee!

508. (ROM. vi. 5.) C. M.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head?

4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

5 Then shall the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

509. (REV. xiv. 13.) 7's.

1 HARK! a voice divides the sky;
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed!

Them the Spirit hath declar'd
Blest, unutterably blest:
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

2 Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceas'd?
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us hopeless and unblest:
When from flesh the spirit freed,
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, 'A man is dead!'
Angels sing, 'A child is born!'

3 Born into the world above,
They our happy brother greet;
Bear him to the throne of love,
Place him at the Saviour's feet:
Jesus smiles, and says, 'Well done,
'Good and faithful servant thou!
'Enter, and receive thy crown,
'Reign with me triumphant now.'

510. (PHIL. i. 21.) 8's.

1 REJOICE for a brother deceas'd;
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison releas'd,
And freed from its bodily chain:
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above;
Escap'd to the mansions of light,
And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Out-flying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind:
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past:
The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

511. (2 COR. V. 1—4.)

1 'SPIRIT—leave thine house of clay!
Lingering dust—resign thy breath!
Spirit—cast thy chains away!
Dust—be thou dissolv'd in death!'
Thus the Almighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies!
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransom'd captive flies!

2 'Prisoner—long detain'd below!
Prisoner—now with freedom bless!
Welcome from a world of woe!
Welcome to a land of rest!'

Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high!
While with hallelujahs ring
All the region of the sky!

3 Grave—the guardian of our dust!
Grave—the treasury of the skies!
Every atom of thy trust,
Rests in hope again to rise!
Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls!—
'Soul—rebuild thy house of clay—
Immortality thy walls,
And Eternity thy day!'

512. (Acts vii. 55, 56.) 8's & 7's.

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above,
Shews the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest:
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer with thy Lord to reign.

513. (2 COR. v. 8.) 7's.

1 DEATHLESS principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought;
Go, to shine before his throne—
Deck his mediatorial crown!
Go, his triumphs to adorn—
Made for God, to God return.

2 Lo, he beckons from on high!
Fearless to his presence fly—
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God!
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering, round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven!

3 Is thy earthly house distrest?
Willing to retain its guest?
'Tis not thou, but it, must die—
Fly, celestial tenant, fly!
Burst thy shackles—drop thy clay—
Sweetly breathe thyself away—
Singing, to thy crown remove—
Swift of wing, and fir'd with love!

4 Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on Him;—
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar!

Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle, as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there!

5 See the haven full in view!
Love divine shall bear thee through:
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail!
Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,—
See, they throng the blissful shore!

6 Mount, their transports to improve;
Join the longing choir above;
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joy in heaven!
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes!
Such the glorious vista, Faith
Opens through the shades of death!

514. (1 COR. XV. 55—57.) P. M.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

2 Hark! they whisper—angels say,
'Sister spirit, come away!'
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,

Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?—
Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

3 The world recedes!—it disappears!—
Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!—
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!—
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

515. (REV. vii. 13—17.) 8's & 7's.

1 O the hour when this material
Shall have vanish'd as a cloud:
When amid the wide ethereal
All the invisible shall crowd;
And the naked soul surrounded,
With realities unknown,
Triumph in the view unbounded,
Feel herself with God alone.

2 In that sudden strange transition,
By what new and finer sense
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence?
Angels, guard the new immortal
Through the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirit's resting place.

3 Will she then no fond emotion,
Nought of human love retain;
Or absorb'd in pure devotion,
Will no earthly trace remain?

Can the grave those ties dissever,
With the very heart-strings twin'd?
Must she part, and part for ever,
With the friend she leaves behind?

4 No: the past she still remembers,
Faith and hope surviving too,
Ever watch those sleeping embers,
Which must rise and live anew:
For the widow'd lonely spirit
Mourns till she be cloth'd afresh,
Longs perfection to inherit,
And to triumph in the flesh.

5 Angels, let the ransom'd stranger
In your tender care be blest;
Hoping, trusting, safe from danger,
Till the trumpet end her rest:
Till the trump which shakes creation,
Through the circling heavens shall roll,
Till the day of consummation,
Till the bridal of the soul.

516. (PART II.) 8's & 7's.

1 CAN I trust a fellow being?
Can I trust an angel's care?
O thou merciful All-seeing,
Beam around my spirit there!
Jesus, blessed Mediator,
Thou the airy path hast trod!
Thou the Judge, the Consummator,
Shepherd of the fold of God!

2 Blessed fold! no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their sun, their centre,
And their shield Omnipotence!
Blessed! for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away,
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

3 Lo! it comes, that day of wonder,
Louder chorals shake the skies;
Hades' gates are burst asunder,
See the new cloth'd myriads rise!
Thought, repress thy weak endeavour,
Here must Reason prostrate fall;
O the ineffable 'For Ever,'
And the 'Eternal All in All.'

517. (REV. i. 7.)

1 LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

518. (REV. xxii. 20.) L. M.

1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge seven
The seventh trumpet speaks him near
The lightnings flash, the thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful soul.

2 From heaven angelic voices sound,

519. (REV. XX. 11.) C. M.

1 SEE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majestic throne;
While from the skies his awful voice
Bears the last judgment down.

2 O may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce my name
With blessings on my head!

3 May I with those for ever dwell
Who here were my delight;
While sinners banish'd down to hell
No more offend my sight.

520. (HEB. IX. 27.) C. M.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, 'Depart?'

3 What! to be banish'd from my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly!

4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Shew me some promise in thy book
Where my salvation stands.

521. (MATT. XXV. 33.) P. M.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 Blest Saviour! grant it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

3 Among thy saints let me be found
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face:
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

522. (ROM. XIV. 9.) L. M.

1 WE sing his love, who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death reviv'd again,
That all his saints through him might have
Eternal conquests o'er the graves:
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.
Soon, &c.

3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ his risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust, and sleeping clay,
To realms of everlasting day!
Soon, &c.

4 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse shall be no more.
Soon, &c.

523. (PSALM 50.) C. M.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne,
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

3 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice, and their doom.

4 'But gather all my saints,' he cries,
'That made their peace with God,
'By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
'And seal'd it with his blood.

5 'Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
'Shall make the world confess
'My sentence of reward is right,
'And heaven adore my grace.'

524. (1 THESS. iv. 16—18.) P. M.

1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created;
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before:
Prepare my soul to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ are first to rise,
And greet the archangel's warning;
To meet the Saviour in the skies,
On this auspicious morning:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepar'd to meet him.

525. (2 PET. iii. 10.) P. M.

1 STAND the omnipotent decree;
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan;

Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just;
Let those ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

2 Rests secure the righteous man,
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure to emerge, and rise again,
And mount above the wreck.
Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!

3 Resting in this glorious hope,
To be at last restor'd,
Yield we now our bodies up
To earthquake, plague, or sword:
Listening for the the call divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven:
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

526. (2 PET. iii. 13.) C. M.

1 WHY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds where sorrows grow,
And every pleasure dies?

2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his power.

3 Nature shall be dissolv'd, and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

4 When will that glorious morning rise,
When the last trumpet's sound
Shall call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?

527. (MATT: XXV. 6.) P. M

1 YE virgin souls, arise;
With all the dead awake!
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And raise to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord

3 Go meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend:
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace,
To see without a veil his face!

4 Ye that have here receiv'd
The unction from above;
And in his Spirit liv'd,
Obedient to his love:

Jesus shall claim you for his bride;
Rejoice with all the sanctified!

5 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive;
Above yon angel powers,
In glorious joy to live:
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

528. (PSALM lxxiii. 24—26.) C. M.

1 YES, there's a better world on high,
Hope on, thou pious breast;
Faint not, thou traveller to the sky,
Thy weary feet shall rest.

2 Anguish may rend each vital part;
Good man! thy frame is frail:
But God shall be thy strength of heart,
When its own strength shall fail.

3 Through death, that vale of awful shade,
Thy feet shall surely go;
Yet there, even there, walk undismay'd,
'Tis thy last scene of woe.

4 Farewell, till that great morning rise,
The frame I hold so dear:
Till he who lives for ever dies,
Farewell to every tear.

5 Jesus! we pour this ardent prayer—
O take us all to thee:
Where'er thou art, (we ask not where,)
O there 'tis heaven to be.

529. (1 COR. ii. 9, 10. REV. xxi. 27.) C. M.

1 NOR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame:
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

530. (REV. vii. 13—17.) C. M.

1 'THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine!
'Whence all their white array?
'How came they to the happy seats
'Of everlasting day?'

2 From torturing pains to endless joys,
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Among his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.

5 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

531. (REV. vii. 9—12.)

1 LIFT your eyes of faith, and see
Saints and angels join'd in one;
What a countless company
Stand before yon dazzling throne!
Each before his Saviour stands,
All in milk-white robes array'd;
Palms they carry in their hands,
Crowns of glory on their head.

2 Saints, begin the endless song,
Cry aloud in heavenly lays:
Glory doth to God belong;
God, the glorious Saviour, praise:
All salvation from him came;—
Him who reigns enthron'd on high;
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
Let the morning-stars reply.

3 Angel powers the throne surround,
Next the saints in glory they;
Rapt with the transporting sound,
They their silent homage pay:
Prostrate on their face, before
God and his Messiah fall;
Then in hymns of praise adore,
Shout the Lamb that died for all!

4 Be it so, they all reply;
Him let all our orders praise:—
Him that did for sinners die,
Saviour of the favour'd race!
Render we our God his right,
Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power;
Honour, majesty, and might;
Praise him, praise him evermore!

532. (REV. vii. 13—17.) 7's.

1 WHO are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light;
Nearest the eternal throne!
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause;
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came:
Wash'd their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow.

Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed;
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead:
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove:
Wipe the tear from every face;
Fill up every soul with love.

533. (REV. xxi. 18—23.) 8's.

1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come.
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is follow'd by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light:
The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And, lo, by reflection they shine!
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

3 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward;
In Jesus, in heaven they live;
They reign in the smile of their Lord!
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face;
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze!

534. (REV. vii. 9—14.) L. M.

1 EXALTED high at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand,
With glory crown'd, in white array,
My wondering soul says, 'Who are they?'

2 These are the saints belov'd of God,
Wash'd are their robes in Jesus' blood;
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.

3 'Amen,' they cry, 'to Him alone
'Who dares to fill his Father's throne;'
They give him glory, and again
Repeat his praise, and say, 'Amen.'

535. (ISAIAH xxxiii. 17.) C. M.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 There pain and sickness never move,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

3 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire
Bear every thought above!

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our souls rise up, and join
The chorus of the sky.

536. (2 COR. iv. 17, 18.) C. M.

1 MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold with sweet delight
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings,
How short our sorrows are;
When with eternal future things
The present we compare.

5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

537. (DEUT. xxxii. 52.) C. M.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

538. (JOHN xvii. 24.) C. M.

1 OH the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at his feet.

4 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around!

5 This is the man, the exalted man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

539. (HEB. xii. 1.) C. M.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came,
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspir'd their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shew the same path to heaven.

540. (COL. iii. 1—4.) P. M.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above!

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upwards tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven!

541. (HEB. xi. 13—16.) 8's & 6's.

1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 The things eternal I pursue;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

3 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

4 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

542. (REV. xxii. 3—5.) C. M.

1 RAISE thee, my soul, fly up and run
Through every heavenly street;
And say, there's nought below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.

2 There, on a high majestic throne,
The Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

3 Bright like a sun the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

4 Amidst those ever-shining skies
Behold the sacred Dove;
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

5 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three-One.

6 But Oh, what beams of heavenly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in every smile!

7 Jesus! and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay
To dwell among them there?

543. (PSALM xvi. 11.) C. M.

1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thy earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasant sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3 There at thy feet with awful fear
The adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before the eternal All.

4 There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss;
While 'less than nothing' I could boast,
And 'vanity' confess.

5 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

544. (REV. vii. 10.) C. M.

1 OUR sins, alas! how strong they be!
And, like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3 There to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

5 For ever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

545. (JOHN xiv. 19.) C. M.

1 FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns
In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

546. (Rom. viii. 17, 18.) 8's & 6's.

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
A while forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond *this* vale of tears,
To *that* celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode:
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And urge your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
Shall all before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure:
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 The great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see,—
The beatific sight
Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

5 The Father shining on his throne,
The glorious, co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, One and Seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete;
And, lo, we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

6 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God be All in All!

547. (EXOD. iii. 15.) P. M.

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confess'd;—
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand.

I'd all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

548. (PART II.) P. M.

1 THE goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty bless'd;—
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

2 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord our Righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,—
The Prince of Peace.
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious, with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

3 Before the Saviour's face
The ransom'd nations bow,
O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
For ever new.
He shews his prints of love;
They kindle to a flame;
And sound, through all the worlds above,
'The slaughter'd Lamb!'

4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays:
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

549. (HEB. xii. 22—24.) C. M.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,—
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne:
We in the kingdom of thy grace;—
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise:
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

550. (1 THESS. v. 11.) 7's.

1 GLORY be to God above,
God from whom all blessings flow!
Make we mention of his love,
Publish we his praise below.

2 Call'd together by his grace,
We are met in Jesus' name;
See with joy each other's face,
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

3 Build we each the other up;
Pray we for our faith's increase;
Solid comfort, settled hope,
Constant joy, and lasting peace.

4 More and more let love abound,
Let us never, never rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our paradise possess'd.

551. (PSALM cxxxix. 23.) C. M.

1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

3 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

552. (EPH. v. 19.) 7's.

1 SWEET the time, exceeding sweet;
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they join to sing of him.

2 Sing we, then, eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Lov'd the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love,
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Liv'd and died to save our race.

4 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Saviour's still the theme,
Where they see, and sing of him.

553. (EPH. iv. 2, 3.) C. M.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart!

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And shew his praise below.

3 Oh may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

554. (PSALM 133.) P. M.

1 HOW beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity:
'Tis like the precious ointment shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

2 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers,
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers;
When mingling odours breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground:

3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
Yea, life for evermore:
Thrice happy they who meet above,
To spend eternity in love!

555. (PSALM 133.) C. M.

1 LO! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree!
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety.

2 When streams of love from Christ the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's reverend head;
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

556. (JOHN xiii. 34, 35.) C. M.

1 O LET thy love our hearts constrain,
Jesus, the crucified:
What hast thou done our hearts to gain!
Languish'd, and groan'd, and died.

2 Us into closer union draw,
And in our inward parts,
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
Let love command our hearts.

3 Who would not now pursue the way,
Where Jesus' footsteps shine?
Who would not own the pleasing sway
Of charity divine?

4 O let us find the ancient way,
Our wondering foes to move;
And force a frowning world to say,
'See how these christians love!'

557. (COL. iii. 11.) S. M.

1 LET party names no more
The christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy and ill-will
Be banish'd far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

558. (GAL. vi. 2.) S. M.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

559. (ACTS ix. 11.) C. M.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the christian's vital breath,
The christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven by prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, 'Behold, he prays!'

6 The saints, in prayer, appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son,
Their fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

8 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord! teach us how to pray.

560. (1 KINGS iii. 5.)

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
Jesus, who hath bid thee pray,
Neither will nor can say Nay.

Let thy love my spirit cheer;
Be my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Shew me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

561. (1 KINGS iii. 5.) L. M.

1 AND dost thou say, 'Ask what thou w
Lord, I would seize the golden hour
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of thine image let me bear:
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,

562. (ROM. viii. 32.)

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shews a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love:
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

3 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

4 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be;
Cheerful, the world's poor toys I leave
To them who know not thee.

563. (1 THESS. iii. 8.)

1 BLEST Jesus, bow thine ear,
While we entreat thy love;
O come, and all our hearts possess,
And our best passions move.

2 May we stand fast in thee,
Though storms and tempests beat;
And in thy guardian arms obtain
A calm and safe retreat.

3 Still be thy truth maintain'd,
And still thy word obey'd,
And to the merits of thy blood
A constant homage paid.

564. (1 JOHN v. 14, 15.) S. M.

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest prayer.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly.

4 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee.

565. (REV. iv. 9.) 7's.

1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way:
Let us now a blessing seek,
On the approaching Sabbath-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near!
May thy glory meet our eyes
When we in thy house appear!
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

566. (REV. i. 10.)

1 HEAVENLY Spirit! may each heart
Through these sacred hours be thine;
May we from the world depart,
Breathing after things divine.

2 Lead us forth with joy and peace,
To thy temple, in thy ways;
And when this sweet day shall cease,
May its sun go down with praise!

3 May thy ministers declare
All thy word of truth with power,
Till the sinner bend in prayer,
Conquer'd in that mighty hour.

4 So may we, who worship here,
Profit by thy word to-day;
And more love and peace and fear
Carry from thy house away.

567. (PSALM xxvii. 4.)

1 TO thy temple I repair,
Lord! I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ upon thy mercy-seat.

2 Thou, through him, art reconcil'd;
I, through him, become thy child;
Abba! Father! give me grace,
In thy courts to seek thy face.

3 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue;
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love! to mine attend;
Hear me—for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear! for Jesus intercedes.

5 While thy word is read, with awe
May I tremble at thy law,
Till thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

6 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from the sky.

7 From thine house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
'I have walk'd with God to-day.'

568. (MATT. xxi. 16.) L. M.

1 AND will the God who reigns on high,
Who form'd the earth, the sea, the sky,
Make *us* the objects of his care,
And kindly listen to our prayer?

2 Yes—God, *that* God who reigns above,
Though strong in power, is rich in love:
His care will all our wants supply,
His ear regard our feeble cry.

3 Then will we trust his tender care,
And bow the knee in heartfelt prayer;
Then will we often seek his face,
Confess our sin, and ask for grace.

4 Then will we praise his glorious name,
Then will we try to spread his fame;
Sing of the Saviour's dying love,
And hope, through him, to dwell above.

CONGREGATION.

5 God of the earth, and sea, and sky,
Receive their prayer, their wants supply;
Almighty Sovereign, Heavenly King,
Kindly accept the praise they bring.

569. (PROV. viii. 17.) L. M.

1 THOUGH we are simple, poor and young,
Jesus will listen if we pray;
For never from the infant's tongue
Did Jesus turn his ear away.

2 No—he assists the humble prayer,
Grants the importunate request,
And tells us, should we trust his care,
His care shall make us truly blest.

3 Once we were wandering on in sin,
And nothing knew of God above;
He saw the danger we were in;
He saw—and bade us seek his love.

4 That love impress'd with kind concern
Those tender friends who brought us here;
And now, with gratitude we learn
To read his word—his name revere.

5 O may that love renew our hearts,
And consecrate our happy days!
And when our life on earth departs,
Eternal life be spent in praise.

570. (PSALM lxxxvii. 5.) L. M.

1 AND will the great, eternal God,
On earth establish his abode?
And will He, from his radiant throne,
Avow our temples for his own?

2 These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

571. (PSALM 132.) L. M.

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God;—
A dwelling for the eternal mind
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.

3 'Here will I fix my gracious throne,
'And reign for ever,' saith the Lord:
'Here shall my power and love be known,
'And blessings shall attend my word.

4 'Here will I meet the hungry poor,
'And fill their souls with living bread;
'Sinners that wait before my door
'With sweet provisions shall be fed.'

572. (MATT. xviii. 20.) L. M.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

573. (HEB. xiii. 17.) C. M.

1 LET Zion's watchmee all awake;
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear?

5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

574. (EPHES. iv. 8, 11, 12.) L. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house,
Smile on our homage and our vows,
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung the apostle's honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
In lowlier forms to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

575. (LUKE xii. 35—38.) S.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch,—'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

576. (DEUT. xxiii. 9.) L. M.

1 GREAT God of heaven and nature, rise,
And hear our loud, united cries:
See Britain bow before thy face,
Through all her coasts, and seek thy grace.

2 No arm of flesh we make our trust;
Nor sword, nor horse, nor ships, we boast;
Thine is the land, and thine the main,
And human force and skill are vain.

3 Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down
On every shore, on every town;
But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
And lay thy lifted thunder by.

4 Forgive the follies of our times,
And purge our land from all its crimes;
Reform'd and deck'd with grace divine,
Let princes, priests, and people shine.

577. (JOEL i. 14.) C. M.

1 SEE, gracious Lord, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 Great God! and why is Britain spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are!
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, 'Forbear!'

4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

578. (PSALM XC. 3—9.) 7's.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.

2 Fixt in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.

3 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;—

4 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

5 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.

579. (LUKE xiii. 6—9.)

1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise!
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found:
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another, and another year.

3 When justice gave the word
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord,
Cried, 'Let it still alone:'
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

580. (EPHES. v. 16.) C. M.

1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past:
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Awake, my soul, with utmost care
Thy true condition learn!
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern?

3 Now a new scene of time begins,
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

581. (PSALM xc. 12.) C. M.

1 AND is this life prolong'd to me?
Are days and seasons given?
Oh, let me then prepare to be
A fitter heir of heaven.

2 In vain these moments shall not pass,
These golden hours be gone;
Lord, I accept thine offer'd grace,
I bow before thy throne.

3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin,
By my Redeemer's blood;
Now let my flesh and soul begin
The honours of my God.

4 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
The wonders of thy praise,
And spread the savour of thy name,
Where'er I spend my days.

5 On earth let my example shine;
And when I leave this state,
May heaven receive this soul of mine
To bliss supremely great.

582. (PSALM 147.) L. M.

1 WITH songs and honours sounding loud
Address the Lord on high:
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends his word, and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord!

583. (PSALM lxv. 13.) 7's.

1 SEE! the corn again in ear,
How the fields and valleys smile!
Harvest now is drawing near,
To repay the sower's toil.

2 Let the praise be all the Lord's,
As the benefit is ours:
He, in season, still affords
Kindly heat, and gentle showers.

3 By his care the produce thrives,
Waving o'er the furrow'd land;
And when harvest time arrives,
Ready for the reaper stands.

4 Thus in barren hearts he sows
Precious seeds of heavenly joy;
Sin and hell in vain oppose,
None this harvest can destroy.

584. (HEB. iv. 9.)

1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual Sabbath-day,
Without a veil between.

2 Assist me, while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.

4 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
Where Sabbaths never end.

585. (PSALM iii. 5.)

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

586. (PSALM xix. 5, &c.)

1 GOD of the morning! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 Oh like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day!
With ready mind and active will,
March on and keep my heavenly way.

4 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatnings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

5 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

587. (ACTS xvii. 28.) C. M.

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand!
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power
That rais'd us with a word;
And every day and every hour
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door,
To seize our lives away.

5 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

588. (PSALM i. 2.) 8's.

1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still;
My joy, thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converse be:
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me:
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast!
While on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

589. (REV. xxii. 16.) 7's.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies;
Christ, the true, the only light;
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear!

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,

2 Awake our love, awake our joy,
Awake our heart and tongue;
Sleep not when mercies loudly call;—
Break forth into a song.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

4 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

591. (PSALM cxli. 2.) C. M.

1 DREAD Sovereign! let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around:
But Oh how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

3 What have I done for him that died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

4 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

5 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest;
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

592. (PSALM iv. 8.) L. M.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

5 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

593. (PSALM xvii. 8.) L. M.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment-day.

4 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

5 For death is life, and labour rest—
If with thy gracious presence blest;
Then welcome sleep, or death, to me,
I'm still secure, for still with thee.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

594. (PSALM cxxxix. 2, 3.) 7s.

1 OMNIPRESENT God! whose aid
No one ever ask'd in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain.

Lay thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours!
All my enemies control,
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.

2 O thou jealous God! come down,
God of spotless purity;
Claim, and seize me for thy own,
Consecrate my heart to thee:
Under thy protection take;
Songs in the night season give;
Let me sleep to thee, and wake;
Let me die to thee, and live.

3 Loose me from the chains of sense,
Set me from the body free;
Draw with stronger influence
My unfetter'd soul to thee:
In me, Lord, thyself reveal,
Fill me with a sweet surprise;
Let me thee, when waking, feel;
Let me in thy image rise.

595. (PSALM xlii. 8.) P. M.

1 WHAT, though my frail eye-lids refuse
Continual watching to keep,
And punctual as midnight renews,
Demand the refreshment of sleep;
A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand:
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

2 From evil secure, and its dread,
I rest, if my Saviour is nigh:
And songs his kind presence indeed
Shall in the night season supply;
He smiles, and my comforts abound;
His grace as the dew shall descend:
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

3 Kind Author and Ground of my hope,
Thee, thee, for my God I avow;
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own thou hast help'd me till now;
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence thou hast prov'd,
Nor wilt thou relinquish at last
A sinner so signally lov'd.

596. (PSALM CXII. 4.)

1 INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Feeder and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care,
I, sleeping and waking, resign:
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

2 Thy minist'ring spirits descend,
To watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep:

Bright seraphs, dispatch'd from the throne,
Repair to their stations assign'd;
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

3 Thy worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.
I too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join,
And love and adore without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

597. (PSALM CXXI. 4.) 8's & 7's.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal:
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us,
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be;
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb;
May the morn, in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

598. (PSALM iv. 8.) C. M.

1 FATHER, by saints on earth ador'd,
By saints beyond the skies,
Accept, through Jesus Christ our Lord,
Our evening sacrifice.

2 If kept to-day from wilful sin,
We magnify thy grace;
Thou hast our kind Preserver been,
And thine be all the praise.

3 We live to testify the grace,
Which sure salvation brings;
And sink to-night in thine embrace,
And rest beneath thy wings.

4 But whether, Lord, we wake or sleep,
The charge of Love divine,
We trust thy Providence to keep
Our souls for ever thine.

599. (PSALM cxxi. 4—6.) 7's.

1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head!
Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,
Tired with glaring vanities!
My great Master still allows
Needful periods of repose.

2 By my heavenly Father blest,
Thus I give my powers to rest;
Heavenly Father! Gracious name!
Night and day his love the same!
Far be each suspicious thought!
Every anxious care forgot.

3 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good:
Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,
These defenceless hours shall keep:
Blest vicissitude to me!
Day and night I'm still with thee.

600. (PART II.) 7's.

1 WHAT though downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me?
Sleepless well I know to rest,
Lodg'd within my Father's breast.

2 While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light;
While the vivid planets stray
Various through their mystic way:

3 While the stars, unnumber'd, roll
Round the ever-constant pole;
Far above these spangled skies
All my soul to God shall rise.

4 'Midst the silence of the night,
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise:

5 Midst the throng his gentle ear
Shall my tuneless accents hear:
From on high doth he impart
Secret comfort to my heart.

6 He, in these serenest hours,
Guides my intellectual powers,
And his spirit doth diffuse
Sweeter far than midnight dews:

7 Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of faith and love:
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep or wake with thee!

8 What if death my sleep invade?
Should I be of death afraid?
Whilst encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike but cannot harm.

9 What if beams of opening day
Shine around my breathless clay?
Brighter visions from on high
Shall regale my mental eye.

10 Tender friends a while may mourn
Me from their embraces torn;
Dearer, better friends I have
In the realms beyond the grave.

11 See the guardian angels nigh
Wait to waft my soul on high!
See the golden gates displayed!
See the crown to grace my head!

12 See a flood of sacred light,
Which no more shall yield to night!
Transitory world, farewell!
Jesus calls with him to dwell.

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